

"COOL HAND LUKE"

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September 29, 1966

9/29/66

REV. FINAL

Received from Stenographic Dept.

Title "COOL HAND LUKE"

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Signed _____

"COOL HAND LUKE"

by

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and

Hal Dresner

Based on the novel

by

Donn Pearce

9/29/66

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A.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE NEWMEATS - WHO BECOME PART OF THE BULL GANG:

LUCAS JACKSON

Cool Hand Luke. His character -- a contradiction in terms, as well as self. He is exuberant, spontaneous, unpredictable. But, intuitively aware of himself as this unique and mysterious life force, he realizes his need for seeming acceptance of things as they have been laid out by others (The System) -- of his need to "play it cool." The heat of the real self and the cool of his surface presents the contradiction. The heat of the real self and the chill of "the system" present the ultimate conflict.

Thematically, he is a lonely realist with an ironic sense (as opposed to rational understanding) of the uselessness of existence in a universe empty of God and devoid of meaning. His smile is a recognition of the absurdity of existence and of the amazing convolutions of human ingenuity in contriving a system that lends apparent meaning to action: the System, which is based on illusion and built of blind faith. He believes that man is only what he makes of himself, since there is no God, or Fate nor implied morality -- only a man's own action to declare who he is and give to himself a sense of worth and purpose. He is an existentialist, who enters this story more or less unawakened and unaware of who he is.

Social rigidities have pressed him into menial jobs -- mechanic, plumber, mason, the blue collar elite -- and each he has invested with a certain untouchable dignity. More important, more meaningful than any job in itself, however, is Luke's attitude toward that job. He has never held them long, just as he has never maintained any relationship long, for always he reaches a point at which the demands of the relationship, the job, conflict with his sense of what is real. Six months of solid success followed by a pyrotechnical binge is his pattern. He is not a conventional rebel: to rebel against the system is only anarchical, or even worse, it is to propose to supplant it with another system, which by definition will be as false in terms of existentialist premises. His purpose is to live with his own life, not reform the lives of others.

While not an ordinary man, he is unusual most significantly in his own sense of self -- and his refusal to surrender that. Circumstance will force him to act out his own martyrdom.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

ALIBI (FORMERLY DEACON)

A complainer and whiner, always making excuses. Gullible, square, terrified and bewildered by what has happened to him. As guilty as the others (convicted of hit-and-run manslaughter) he is not a professional criminal and always imagines that the "accident" will be rectified and he will be released or, at least, placed somewhere else. He never adjusts to the work or the camp and is a source of mild derision by the men. In an unspoken way, he represents the square middle-class and the men enjoy their superiority over him.

TATTOO

Seemingly good-natured and an adjuster, he quickly understands the rules and the system and generates immediately to Dragline and Koko, the power of the gang. But his surface affability is a front; beneath he is waiting for his chance and when Luke escapes, Tattoo impulsively follows and is caught, put in chains. It is the lesson of the opportunist who lacks real courage.

TRAMP

A drifter, an outsider in any circumstance. He has been self-sufficient most of his life, used to grabbing and running, unused to hard work. He makes the mistake of taking Dynamite's place in the messhall and from then on waits quietly to find his "place" in the gang. Passing out on the Hard Road the first day, he quickly adopts in his own way and becomes liked and accepted by the men.

THE BULL GANG:

DRAGLINE

At the top of the prisoner's hierarchy. A giant, simple, sweet dreamer, outgoing, a man's man. He can outwork, outpunch, out-talk and, to hear him say it, out-love any man. Wildly sentimental and not a natural leader, he has a kind of force that other men respond to and that catapults him into his position. But once there he must be unseated. He would rather talk and shove than fight but he is vulnerable to an attack on his manhood or simple abilities. He immediately recognizes Luke's challenge to his crown but accepts a lot of needling before he is driven to fight. He has been chainganging for eight years, accepts the system of rules and is an unwitting accomplice to the guards' brutality. But prison has also made him slightly crazed. His vision of the Free World is based on exaggerations of his own experiences. His dreaming aloud is an entertainment to the men but he can lose himself in his fantasies. He is religious, simply and without questioning it, as a matter of convention. Luke's direct confrontation of God frightens him.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

DRAGLINE (Cont.)

He admires and loves Luke but is terrified by the idea of God's thunderbolt. He betrays Luke partly out of love and partly out of fear for himself. He doesn't want to die and half-recognizes Luke's reckless deathwish. His speech is extravagant, funny, full of homespun metaphor and simile.

SOCIETY RED

A Northerner. Educated, cynical, disillusioned. He does not consider himself a part of the bull gang, refers to them as "they." He is a coward and shrinks back from any confrontation with Dragline. In Luke he first sees a fellow intelligence and makes tentative offers of friendship. He is lonely. But Luke's bravery and true defiance shames him. He is more of a catalyst than a participator, a manipulator and opportunist.

KOKO

Dumb, happy, excitable, sentimental, Dragline's loyal stooge. He gains his courage and prestige from his lieutenantship, takes kidding well and immediately accepts Luke's leadership when Dragline points the way. A born follower and disciple, he feels most reverently toward the Picture. But lacking anything but emotional understanding, he is the one who tears up the Picture when he thinks Luke has betrayed the myth of Cool Hand Luke, the indomitable hero.

GAMBLER (FORMERLY ONIONHEAD)

A chainman who once gambled on escaping...and lost. He will bet on anything, not always well. Talkative, Southern, flexible, he gains his prestige from his gambling.

DYNAMITE

The champion hog-gut of the camp until he is dethroned by Luke. Also a chainman for his one desperate attempt to escape. Simple, complacent, likable, he is driven to anger only when his seat in the messhall is usurped by Tramp. Forever making the same rattleskin wallet during free time.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE

A juvenile delinquent from Connecticut. Rude, loud, aggressive with a punk's voice and manners. He tries to play "old hand" to the Newmeat. Is tolerated by the gang because he is the baby and easily put down.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BLIND DICK

Convicted of raping five girls in three days, he is modest about his crime but likes his newspaper-given name "The Sheik of Simmonsville". Young, good-looking, his main concern is assessing women. The men find him amusing as indicated by the wry handle they have given him.

MECHANIC

Quiet, young, good-looking, does his work and never complains. Constantly playing with machinery, reading sports car magazines. Cautious but as gullible as the others, he is the last one conned by Luke and Dragline in the egg-eating.

SLEEPY

Laconic, always half-asleep, uncommunicative. It is always surprising when he says something because it is so rare. Southern backwoods.

RABBIT

The Trustee of the bull gang. Anxious to please, rabbit-like in his hopping gait, darting here and there on guards errands. Carries water, collects jackets, etc. A rabbit face, pointed, nervous nose and desperately seeking eyes.

BABALUGATS

Retarded, possibly an imbecile. He is pitied and taken care of by the gang. Given some prestige by being made the official betting commissioner. A nod and simple grin confirms a wager and he is given a small percentage by the winner because he has no money of his own.

STUPID BLONDIE

Described by his name. A big, dumb, likable oaf.

SAILOR

A chainman. Strong, quiet, a good worker, likable.

CHIEF

A big muscular ox, tall, silent, and oldest.

(These are the eighteen members of the bull gang. They work and travel as a unit, always together.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

OTHER CONVICTS:

DOGBOY

A trustee, a vile, mean, hostile, cowardly man used by the guards as a symbol of how completely the system can degrade a man: to the point that even they have nothing but contempt for him. Yet he is a person inside: he is only so incapable of coping with men that he is driven to this refuge the system offers. From here he can revenge himself upon the strong who frighten and victimize him; from here he can identify with authority by attacking its victims. He loves his dogs: with them he can afford to feel human: his grief over the death of Big Blue is honest and sincere. Thin, with dead eyes, and high cheekbones with skin stretched tight over them. A pinched, unhappy look. He is capable of a kind of needling humor and playing a joke. It is always cruel.

GARR

A 240-pound behemoth, a floorwalker in the barracks, also a trustee, but one of those whose job is simply to count the laundry, see that order is kept inside the barracks, keep track of time, etc. He does not work on the road, but he has to stay awake all night. The others do not talk to him nor he to them except in neutral, ritualistic terms: he reads off his rules and punishments by rote, not listening to himself. He has a haunted, anxious face in spite of his brute size.

JABO THE COOK

A hairy man with the temperament of all chefs -- the kitchen heat and pressure of deadlines makes him short-tempered and volatile. A pot belly.

THREE COOKS

FOUR TRUSTEES (NOTE: In addition to Dogboy and Rabbit)

14 Members of the LITTLE BULL GANG

8 Members of the PATCH SQUAD

(NOTE: Four of the Little Bull Gang also wear chains)

TOTAL: FIFTY MEN IN THE BARRACKS

THE PRISON ADMINISTRATION:

THE CAPTAIN

The embodiment of sweet reason. A mind of spun sugar, and

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

THE CAPTAIN (Cont.)

no compassion whatever. A bureaucrat who finds in the system all the structure his universe needs: violate the rules, incur his righteous anger. Nothing is inhuman here -- in his mind -- because everything is ordered. He is one end product of the liberal humanistic revolution: the punishments fit the crimes, everybody knows and understands the rules, so any violations must be assumed to be deliberate defiance and are corrected by so many (count 'em) hits with the sap, or nights in the box.

Because he doesn't enjoy cruelty he must enrage himself before he can really lay into a man. The Captain is lower middle class in origin, but unaware of it: it shows in his pitiful assumption of status symbol: the golf club, the pseudo-educated talk, the picket fence, the fact that he never does any work himself.

BOSS GODFREY

(Walking Boss)....The symbol of authority: faceless, eyeless, loveless, emotionless, relentless. He appears to see through walls and his rifle never misses. Terror incarnate. No one knows who he is, whether he eats with his mouth, if he's married or has children. His role is the entire man, until his glasses are torn from his face, when he is revealed as a blinking, rather frightened and very ordinary man.

BOSS KEAN

Ignorant, superstitious, religious, utterly inexperienced and incapable of learning: everything implied by southern redneck. Beefy, with fixed ideas about everything. This screenplay might as well be written in Greek as far as he's concerned. He is capable of softness with dogs and children, but his sympathy to Jackson on the death of Jackson's mother is reflex like that of a mortician: it is conventional to feel and express sympathy -- but Kean's world is black and white and fixed: if a man screws up he gets it and that's that. His eyes are flat and empty, his face bloated with booze, he's very afraid of death.

BOSS PAUL

Strong, mean, young, with a firm voice without a hint of doubt. He serves as the voice of Godfrey, is his system-spawned successor. Sadistic, vicious, unyielding, he is emotionally involved in his job. It is his life. Possibly he enjoys beating a man into submission rather than the passivity of the system going well. But this emotion humanizes him for when a man feels, he can be reached. Thus, he represents some hope for improvement as Godfrey's successor.

BOSS SHORTY

Self-explanatory. He carries his gun high and out front like a badge of authority and importance, takes his lead from the other bosses.

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G.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BOSS HIGGINS

Stands out among the other guards only because he is old and shaky and his teeth don't fit. Utterly unable to keep up, he is maintained in position by the system regardless. Like the others he is capable of real rage when the rules are violated, because such violations are a denial of them as men.

BOSS NUMBER SIX

Very thin, his gunbelt slipping off his hips.

BOSS NUMBER SEVEN

BOSS NUMBER EIGHT

WICKERMAN

A huge roll of blubber, who moves slowly inside his cage and is usually seen only as a shadowy silhouette, inside the wicker. Pale from being always on night duty and inside, like some creature from a cave.

NOTE: DURING THE DAY OTHER GUARDS MAY FUNCTION AS WICKERMAN, TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE WICKER. AT NIGHT IT IS ALWAYS THE WICKERMAN.

THE TERM WALKING BOSS REFERS TO ANY GUARD ON DUTY ON THE ROAD WITH A WORKING GANG, THOUGH THE PRINCIPAL WALKING BOSS IS GODFREY.

YARDMAN REFERS TO ANY GUARD ON DUTY INSIDE THE FENCED COMPOUND AND CAN BE ANY OF THE GUARDS ASSIGNED TO THAT DUTY FOR THE PARTICULAR SCENE.

THE FREE WORLD:

ARLETTA

Jackson's mother, a brave, sick lady, who despairs now she's too sick to live as freely and fully as she always did, without regard to others' opinions but always careful as she could be of their feelings. Depressed at the end of her life about the uselessness of it all, but buoyed up by the memories of high points. Strong, merry, the kind to whom it never occurs to stop laughing just because it hurts. She loves Jackson, is bored by her other son.

JOHN

Who is a hard worker, and another whose fantasies Jackson is forced to bear. It is this quality of enjoying Jackson's up and down life vicariously that makes her dislike him. John's not especially embittered so much as relieved at the load that is going to be lifted off him at her death. A farmer.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BIKINI GIRL

The image of blonde-haired American high school sexuality. Unaware of who she is, full of juice.

JOHN-BOY

Jackson's nephew. Freckled, ordinary, curious kind of country boy.

ROOKIE COP

Young, tentative, a gum chewer, southern type. Despite tentativeness, crew cut, straight-backed, stiff-necked. The only slackness about him - the gum chewing jaw.

GEORGIA

A stripper, late twenties, who has been there and back, heard every line. But in spite of herself, she wants to be touched, reached. Luke's cool irks her and she tries to get him in every way. Instinctively, she recognizes he has a "problem" but is interested in discovering it less out of love than to confirm her opinion that life is a crummy deal and everyone -- like her -- is soiled by it.

MATT

The owner of the Girls-Girls-Girls Club. Stocky, fiftyish, ugly. He once served time and now hungers for respectability. He has learned the rules in prison and become, in effect, a boss. He knows that Luke's rebellion is dangerous to the system of which he has become a part. He is protecting himself and--he believes --helping Luke when he turns him in to cool him off.

JEWELL

Another stripper, animated, blonde, sensual.

LAWRENCE

Eight years old. Negro. Curious, lovable, petulant.

BEN

Nine years old. Negro. Skeptical, sure of himself, wise.

SHERIFF

Interested in doing his job as well as possible. Outside the prison system, he does not know of the threat that Luke represents; cannot understand why the Captain chooses to drive the wounded Luke to certain death. Surprised, horrified also by Godfrey's "unmotivated" shot.

FOREMAN

Stocky, harsh, doing his job of running a gang of pick-up laborers.

OTHERS

Police, Negro Villagers, Guards, Workmen, etc. Musicians and members of Knights Club in Girls Club, blonde lady in convertible, passers-by.

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SOUTHERN CITY STREET
EXTREME CLOSEUP PARKING METER

NIGHT

Its irritating head opens a glaring red eye: the red flag pops across the entire screen:

VIOLATION

2. INSERT: PARKING METER SUPPORT

NIGHT

CLOSEUP of a pipe cutter attached to the meter neck, metal slivers curling out. From o.s. we HEAR -- LUCAS JACKSON cheerfully humming and mumbling Auld Lang Syne and then:

LUKE:

Okay, Mister General, you son of a bitch. Sir. Think you can put things right with a piece of tin with a ribbon hangin' on it? Gonna put you right.

3. CLOSEUP PARKING METER

NIGHT

as the meter head falls out of FRAME.

4. NEW ANGLE ON METER

NIGHT

as it falls to the ground amidst a forest of meter stands and Luke's hand comes into the FRAME to pick it up and we SEE him in CLOSEUP for the first time. He is cheerful, drunk, wearing a faded GI Field jacket. A bottle opener hangs on a silver chain around his neck. He addresses the next meter.

LUKE:

All right, Helen, honey. I lost my head over you. Now its your turn.

Suddenly the beam of headlights crashes in, FLARING the SCREEN.

5. ANGLE ON PROWL CAR

NIGHT

sliding up to us, headlights glaring, red toplight revolving menacingly. TWO OFFICERS, black shapes, get out and start warily toward Luke.

CHANGE
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5.

6. ON LUKE

NIGHT

illuminated by the headlights. He grins as the Officers approach, lifts a bottle of beer, opens it and drinks, smiling. On his smile, FREEZE FRAME. ON THE FRAME SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE and as it FADES

DISSOLVE TO:

7.
thru
14. OMITTED

15. EXT. CLOSEUP A YOYO BLADE IN THE SUN

It swings with a pendulum motion, its shining blade topping a clump of grass and weeds; it swings on the backstroke, lopping more grass, then moves a little away from CAMERA. FROM CAMERA RIGHT, a pair of feet move INTO the FRAME, the feet of the man swinging the yoyo. They are booted and connected by chains, riveted around the ankles. The feet move further INTO the FRAME and the SHOT WIDENS. We are on:

16. EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD

DAY

and we see the work gang in uniforms (14 men) flailing away with yoyos, short-handled scythes in the hot sun, guarded by three men. Three of the workers wear chains (Gambler, Dynamite, Sailor). The scene is bleached and hot; the men sweating and dirty in prison shirts and pants. The light shifts during the following:

17. A MONTAGE OF A FULL DAY - SUPERIMPOSE TITLES AS APPROPRIATE OVER FOLLOWING:

18. ANGLE ON RABBIT

He is a trustee. He walks up INTO CAMERA and sets up sign:

SLOW DOWN -- MEN AT WORK

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19. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

9:00 A.M.

He is a giant, covered with sweat and dust. He starts to pull off his shirt.

DRAGLINE:

Takin' it off here, Boss!

BOSS KEAN:

Yeah, take it off, Dragline!

20. ANGLE BOSS KEAN

11:00 A.M.

pulling out watch, looking at the sun.

21. ANGLE THE BULL GANG

flailling away, most of them naked to the waist.

22. ANGLE KOKO

He is sweating streams.

KOKO:

Wipin' it off here, Boss!

BOSS SHORTY:

Okay, wipe it off there, Koko.

Koko takes out a limp handkerchief and mops his face.

23. ANGLE ON GAMBLER (A CHAINMAN)

NOON

his yoyo flashing like a sword. He pauses, panting.

GAMBLER: :

Drinkin' it up here, Boss!

24. ANGLE BOSS KEAN

BOSS KEAN:

Awright, drink it up, Gambler.
Water 'em, Rabbit.

25. NEW ANGLE GAMBLER AND GANG

as Gambler takes a drink from a tin cup, passed by Rabbit.

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26. FULL SHOT THE GANG

2:00 P.M.

working away like a machine.

27. ANGLE PAST BOSS GODFREY TO BOSS SHORTY

Godfrey is the Walking Boss, silent, implacable symbol of ultimate judgement. He wears a black hat, globular mirrored sunglasses --- the Man With No Eyes, impassive, emotionless. He nods to Boss Shorty.

BOSS SHORTY:

Awright, smoke it up!

28. FULL SHOT THE GANG

In unison they chant:

THE GANG:

Yeah, Boss.

29. ANGLE SOCIETY RED AND BLIND DICK

4:00 P.M.

Society is checking his yoyo edge with a file, covertly watching a passing car. Blind Dick sneaks a look, then ducks.

30. ANGLE BOSS KEAN

BOSS KEAN:

You eyetallin' there, Society?

31. SOCIETY RED

SOCIETY RED:

Checkin' my yoyo, Boss!

32. KOKO

5:00 P.M.

He sees something o.s. He speaks, as they all do outside, like a ventriloquist, not moving the lips, and in a stage whisper, to Dragline.

KOKO:

Drag ... Drag ... Newmeat Bus! We
got us Newmeat tonight!

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33. ANGLE ON GAMBLER AND DRAGLINE

They look up covertly.

34. P.O.V. ANGLE ON ROAD

The Newmeat Bus, a prison vehicle, a panel truck with meshed windows; and men in it, appears down the road approaching the gang. It slows as it passes them and the men covertly look at it.

35. KOKO AND GAMBLER

KOKO:

(whispering)

A bunch. Must be half a dozen Newmeat.

GAMBLER:

No more than five. For a cold drink.

KOKO:

(whispering)

Bet! Babalugats, bet here!

36. ANGLE BABALUGATS

He is the idiot of the gang. He grins foolishly, making the bet official.

37. NEWMEAT BUS

as it passes, picking up speed, PAN INTO:

38. CLOSE SHOT GODFREY

looking at the Newmeat Bus.

39. EXT. CLOSEUP THE EYES OF GODFREY

His sunglasses FILL THE SCREEN, distorting the image of the bus as it moves away from us and the last TITLE ROLLS.

CUT TO:

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40. INT. NEWMEAT BUS

The SCREEN is mostly black, but we see out through the meshed rear windows a desolate panorama of gnarled trees and grubby landscape, bleak and hopeless.

Now we HEAR outside the barking and baying of bloodhounds, not like they're tracking, but just playing as the truck turns and stops. The BUS GUARD and DRIVER get out. The back of the truck is opened by the guard and through that rectangle of bright sunlight, the silhouettes of the Newmeat descend, Luke last.

41. EXT. PRISON CAMP LUKE'S P.O.V. DAY

The Scene: in a hollow is a long barracks, white-washed, faded gray, one story high. At right is a mess hall and laundry. A chain-link fence surrounds the whole compound. The corners of the fence are telephone poles with floodlights on the tops. These burn all night. Back of the mess hall, again outside the fence, are several kennel runs in which bloodhounds are now ROARING. A wooden tower with a simple board roof stands at two corners of the compound where the guards sit when the prisoners are not locked in the barracks. A picnic table sits in a grassy area just outside and at one side of the gate is a picket fence enclosing a scrubby lawn.

BOSS PAUL:

Four. Right.

He hands the papers to the CAPTAIN, a small man with a kindly face but a firm, set mouth who always carries a golf club. In b.g. the bloodhounds are YOWLING:

BOSS PAUL:

Dogboy, get them dogs shut up!

DOGBOY, a trustee whose leather gloves are always sticking out of one back pocket, puts his hand to be licked by the dogs who quiet, friendly, like any pets.

DOGBOY:

They just smell newmeat is all,
Boss.

The Captain has been ignoring this, watching the prisoners, looking at their records.

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42. EXT. NEWMEAT BUS

DAY

as the Bosses (BOSS PAUL and BOSS HIGGINS) motion for them, the other Newmeat (to be known as TRAMP, ALIBI, and TATTOO) stumble into each other and jostle Luke in their eagerness to obey orders.

BOSS PAUL:
You men git lined up here.

The Newmeat jostle into line. They are wearing State Issue gray pants and their own Free World shirts. All except Luke carry a paper bag or cigar box containing their worldly goods. All except Luke look apprehensive, worried. Luke stands with languid grace, neither insolent nor hostile, nor fearful. The Bus Guard hands Boss Paul a folder that contains records as the Captain approaches from his porch.

CAPTAIN:
What did they bring us today?
Gibson. A 507, Manslaughter. Good
for a two spot.

ALIBI:
It was an accident. I've never been
in any trouble.

BOSS PAUL:
You'all call the Captain, Captain.

CAPTAIN:
(to next man)
Edgar Potter. A 302 and resisting
arrest. One year.

TRAMP:
I was tryin' to keep outa the rain.

BOSS PAUL:
Git the wax out'n yore ears. You
call the Captain, Captain.

TRAMP:
Yes, sir.

BOSS PAUL:
And you call the rest of us Boss, you hear?

TRAMP:
Yes, Boss.

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42 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:

This man is gonna make us proud of him,
Mr. Hunnicutt.

(moving on)

Raymond Pratt.

TATTOO:

Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN:

Breakin', enterin' and assault. Five
spot. Hmmm. Able-bodied seaman.

TATTOO:

That oughta come in handy here, Captain.

CAPTAIN:

Maybe.

(turning to Luke)

Lucas Jackson.

LUKE:

Here, Captain.

CAPTAIN:

Maliciously destroyin' municipal
property while under the influence.
What was that?

LUKE:

Cuttin' the heads off parkin' meters,
Captain.

CAPTAIN:

Well, we ain't never had one of them.
Where'd you think that was gonna get
you?

LUKE:

I guess you could say I wasn't thinkin',
Captain.

CAPTAIN:

(looking at record)

Says here you done real good in the war:
Silver Star, Bronze Star, couple Purple
Hearts. Sergeant! Little time in
stockades. Come out the same way you
went in: Buck Private.

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42 (Cont.1)

LUKE:-

That's right, Captain. Just passin' the time.

CAPTAIN:

(staring at him)

Well, you got yourself some time now. Two years. Hell, that ain't much, we got coupla men here doin' twenty spots. We got one who's got all of it. We got all kinds and you gonna fit in real good. Course in case you git rabbit in your blood and decide to take off fer home, you git a bonus a some time and couple leg chains to keep you slowed down a little -- fer your own good. You'll learn the rules. It's all up to you. I can be a good guy or I can be one mean son-of-a-bitch, it's up to you.

He turns and walks away.

43. CLOSE SHOT LUKE

His eyes have been wandering during this speech. He sees a doleful, lovable bloodhound, nose at the mesh and winks at him.

44. CLOSE SHOT BLOODHOUND

He simply stares dolefully.

45. INT. BARRACKS

DAY

Bare, unpainted wood. The windows are barred and covered with chain link. The door from the barracks up to the compound passes a small area enclosed by a woven metal strap cage. In this usually sits the WICKER MAN, whom we generally see as a heavy, short shape moving about his own business which is making an endless series of rings or jewelry by hammering coins with the back of a heavy spoon.

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45 (Cont.)

The door to the barracks locks by the tongue of a strap iron bar that is thrust through a hole in the wicker where the Wicker Man locks it by padlock. Thus he can always see them, but they can't reach him. The single big room is filled with two and even three-tiered bunks. Bare bulbs hang from the ceiling.

CARR, the floorwalker, a 240 pound behemoth, is indoctrinating the Newmeat while they change into camp clothing: gray twill trousers, shirt and jacket, all numbered, which has been piled on the table. Carr squeegees up and down, a restless man, and CAMERA in following him SHOWS us the room. At the same time, the Wicker Man is moving about the barracks, tapping the floors and bunk posts with a broom handle for signs of tampering. Carr pays no attention to him, addressing the Newmeat.

CARR:

Them clothes has got laundry numbers on 'em. You remember your number and always wear the ones that has your number. Any man forgets his number spends a night in the box.

(passing out
spoons)

This yere spoon you keep with you and any man loses his spoon spends a night in the box. There is no playing grab-ass or fighting in the building. You got a grudge against another man you can fight him Saturday afternoon. Any man playing grabass or fighting in the building spends a night in the box. First bell is at five minutes of eight when you will get in your bunk and last bell is at eight ...

O.s. now are heard the SOUNDS of trucks arriving and the Wicker Man goes back to the wicker.

CARR:

(continuing)

Any man not in his bunk at eight will spend a night in the box. There is no smoking in prone position in bed. To smoke you must have both legs over the side of your bunk. Anyone caught smoking in prone position will spend a night in the box. You get two sheets. Every Saturday you put the clean sheet on the top, the top sheet on the bottom and the bottom sheet you turn in to the

(CONTINUED)

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14.

5 (Cont.1)

CARR: (Cont.)

Laundry Boy. Any man who turns in the wrong sheet spends a night in the box. No one will sit on the bunks with dirty pants on. Any man sitting on a bunk with dirty pants will spend a night in the box. Any man who don't bring back his empty pop bottles spends a night in the box.

O.S. now are the SOUNDS of men counting off, filling the air with the apprehension of impending arrival.

CARR:

(continuing)

Any man loudtalking spends a night in the box. You got questions you come to me.

(attentive now)

I'm Carr, the floorwalker. I'm responsible for order in here and any man that don't keep order...

Luke mouths the next line with him. At the same time, we HEAR the clanking of the Wicker Man's doors opening and the thudding of many steps.

CARR:

...spends a night in the box.

(to Luke, sincerely)

I hope you ain't gonna be a hardcase.

46.

NEW ANGLE

As Luke shrugs the chute bursts open and the Bull Gang rushes in, men trying to get hands clean, urinate and get back out into the chowline. Sudden LOUD CHAOS. The Newmeat are seated on the bench, bewildered, except Luke who grins. Koko spies the Newmeat and is unhappy that there are only four.

GAMBLER:

(to Koko)

Four. You owe me a drink.

(CONTINUED)

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15.

46 (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:
(pushing both aside)
Get outa mah way you don't want a
wet pocket!

SOCIETY RED:
(passing the Newmeat)
Gentlemen, welcome to the Family.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
Any of you guys from Connecticut?

CARR:
Awright, let's move it along!

47. NEW ANGLE

as the flow of bodies reverses and the men stampede for the chute, going out, adjusting clothing, etc. Dragline shoves Loudmouth Steve along.

DRAGLINE:
Fill your loudmouth with some beans!
And they are in the chute. The Newmeat still sit there..in the empty barracks, the SOUND of men disappearing across the yard.

CARR:
Well, what are you doin' here?
You supposed to be eatin' them beans!

The Newmeat stampede out the chute.

48. INT. MESS HALL

DUSK

Most of the other men already have their food and are sitting down with no jockeying for places: everybody knows. They are shoveling it down as fast as they can, getting back up for seconds. Luke and the other Newmeat get their plates and while the others stand there, confused, Luke sits at the first vacant spot and begins to eat industriously.

KOKO:
(sotto voce to Dragline)
Newmeat's a hog-gut.

Dragline looks up, goes back to his food. There is an off-stage CRASH.

49. NEW ANGLE TRAMP

He is sitting on the floor, between his knees a mess of stew on the floor and his plate upside down. He has made the mistake of taking Dynamite's seat. DYNAMITE, the champion eater, has casually displaced him and is busy chowing. Dogboy is serving; he is the only one to break the rule of silence in chowlines.

DOGBOY:

These pigs is rollin' in thar
slops now, Boss!

Tramp makes terrified and ineffectual efforts to scoop the stew back onto his plate with his hand, wiping his hand on his uniform, etc., then trying to obliterate the stain on the floor with a foot.

50. EXT. BARRACKS PORCH NIGHT

The men are being shaken down before entering the barracks for the night. They sit and take off their shoes. They empty their pockets into their caps. Carr inspects shoes, throws them inside door, frisks men who stand with backs turned, arms raised. Then Carr mutters a number.

51. INT. BARRACKS NIGHT

Through the Wicker Cage toward door. As the men enter, stoop to pick up shoes, repeat their number to the Wicker Man, as they go through the chute.

52. INT. BARRACKS NEW ANGLE NIGHT

The men are preparing for their hour of free time. Gambler has layed out the blanket for the poker game and is shuffling cards. Koko and BLIND DICK have their seats, are arranging their piles of change. Luke sits at the other end of the table, past the blanket line. Dragline who has been talking to the Wicker Man now enters casually as we HEAR Dynamite, change in hand, moving to the game berating Tramp.

DYNAMITE:

Next time you stay outa my place!
I earned it. You try that agin
an' I'll bounce you all over the
floor.

TRAMP:

I didn't know. I was hungry.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.,)

KOKO:

You don't take another man's place, boy.

ALIBI:

It wasn't his fault. Nobody said anything about seats. We --

DRAGLINE:

(to Tramp)

You gotta mind your manners, you actin' like a hillbilly tramp.

KOKO:

(delighted)

Tramp! Beautiful!

Dragline nods.

GAMBLER:

(to Tramp)

You got your bullgang name, boy.

TRAMP:

(good-naturedly)

Ain't no worse than some I been called.

TATTOO:

In the Navy, we used to call guys --

DRAGLINE:

Fasten your flap! All you Newmeats gonna have to shape up fast and hard on this gang. We got rules here an' in order to learn them, you gotta keep your ears open and your mouths shut.

Luke snorts.

53. OMITTED.

54. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

looking up as if he has just heard a strange sound.

DRAGLINE:

Somebody say somethin'?

LUKE:

I didn't say nothin', Boss.

DRAGLINE:

Well, whatta we got here?

LUKE:

A Lucas Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

SOCIETY RED:

(at mirror, back turned)

Dragline gives out the names here.
You'll get yours when he figures you out.

DRAGLINE:

(to Luke)

Maybe we oughta call you No-Ears.
You don't listen much, do you, boy?

LUKE:

(smiling)

Ain't heard much worth listening to
yet. Just everybody handing out rules.

A feeling of discomfort. Koko assesses Luke, who has
remained at the poker table.

KOKO:

Newmeat looks like a poker player, Drag.

DRAGLINE:

Wouldn't surprise me none.
(to Luke)

Wicker Man says you got a hundred-
twenny and some change in the Captain's
safe and you got your five dollars
pocket money... That'll buy you a
whole fistfull of cards. You in
or out?

Luke stares at him for a beat, then shrugs -- who needs it --
and walks over to his bunk.

SOCIETY RED:

Looks like you've got yourself a redhot,
Dragline.

Dragline just stares after Luke.

GAMBLER:

(dealing)

Awright, let's play some poker. First Jack
is the Man...a trey, a duck, a neighter...

He continues to call cards as we PAN AWAY and DOWN the bunks
showing Alibi writing a letter, Loudmouth Steve reading a sex
book, STUPID BLONDIE working a rattleskin wallet, SAILOR
removing his pants through his chains, CHIEF rolling ciga-
rettes, etc.

55. CLOSE THE WICKER

The shadow of the Wicker Man behind it rises and moves to
the tire rim which he beats with a tire iron.

56.

CLOSE CARR

CARR:

First bell!

57.

POKER TABLE

The men break it up, some head for the urinal.

58.

ANGLE ON LUKE

He lies in his bunk staring directly into a flyspecked bulb hanging from the ceiling about eighteen inches from his face. It will be on all night. The tire iron SOUNDS again and men hurry for their bunks.

CARR:

(o.s.)

Last bell. Last bell.

59.

INT. BARRACKS MED. SHOT

Carr moves down the aisle, counting lips moving. The barracks is silent. Finishing the count, Carr goes to the Wicker.

CARR:

Fifty, Boss.

WICKER MAN:

(o.s.)

Fifty. Okay, Carr.

60.

ANGLE ON LUKE

staring up at bulb.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE'S VOICE:

Gittin' up here, Carr.

61.

MOVING CLOSE SHOT CARR

Pacing along, his feet squeegeeing on the floor.

CARR:

Yeeahp.

62.

ANGLE SHOWING LOUDMOUTH STEVE

In the sleeping barracks he gets up and moves toward the toilets...

63. ANGLE ON BABALUGATS

He is crouched in a tortured position to pray, in the space between his bunk and the one above.

64. CLOSE LUKE

He rolls over and goes to sleep. SOUND OVER: Carr squeegeeing along, the CREAK of the bunks as men toss and turn, the WATER RUNNING in the toilets, the DOGS BARKING a little outside.

65. OMITTED.

66. OMITTED.

67. ANGLE ON CARR

He sits at the poker table. The sound has dropped now in the depth of the night, the chink, chink of the Wicker man stopped. Carr simply sits staring at his half-finished game of solitaire, a card in his hand, his eyes seeing something far distant. He's breathing but he could be carved of stone.

68. OMITTED.

69. INT. BARRACKS LONG SHOT BEFORE DAWN (NIGHT)

All others sleeping. Carr at poker table. Suddenly the clamor of the iron bar is HEARD.

CARR:

First bell! First bell! Let's go!

70. ANGLE ON ALIBI

as, still asleep, he is unceremoniously dumped onto the floor by Carr who goes right by. Pandemonium of rushing men all around.

71. EXT. CHUTE MED. SHOT BEFORE DAWN (NIGHT)

Carr is barring the gate with his body. The door outside is unlocked and opened. The gong SOUNDS. Carr opens the gate, steps outside to the porch and the men begin counting out.

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72. EXT. BARRACKS PORCH BEFORE DAWN (NIGHT)

The voices continue to count off as the men run to lockers and quickly line up outside the mess hall. Watching them go is Boss Godfrey.

73. GODFREY'S FACE

impassive behind the sunglasses.

74. EXT. MESS HALL INSIDE YARD BEFORE DAWN (NIGHT)

The men pour out. There is a little dawnlight, but the floodlights are still on. The Yard Man opens the gate and the men begin counting off again. Gambler is the last out of the mess hall and gets a kick in the ass from Boss Paul to get him up with the others.

75. ANGLE ON CAPTAIN'S PORCH BEFORE DAWN (NIGHT)

He sits in his rocket watching. We hear the SOUND of the men counting, clanging of chains.

76. TRUCK BEING LOADED DAWN

The men clamber inside. The Little Bull Gang truck leaves.

77. EXT. ROAD NEAR CAMP

Caravan of the Little Bull Gang and Patch Squad trucks moving off down the road into the dawn light.

78. INT. TRUCK DAWN

just as the gate is swung shut. We SEE Godfrey's face looking in, then all is dim and the truck begins to lurch away, gunning fast, throwing the men, searching for their customary seats. Chaos.

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

Git outa my eyeballin' seat, you
Newmeat dummy!

Luke stands, holding a strut in the roof and watching with amusement as Tattoo is shoved away by Dragline, then Koko, and then pushed from man to man as he tries to sit down but always finds a lap in the way. Bawdy laughter; it's a game but earnest. As they settle Tattoo winds up on the floor but grins,

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

understands, finds a place beside Tramp. Across the way Alibi begins a serious conversation with Blind Dick.

ALIBI:

(nervously)

Where are we going now?

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

It's the Captain's birthday.
They're takin' us on a picnic.

ALIBI:

(uncertainly smiling)

I'm a salesman. I used to drive these roads all the time. I never thought -- it was an accident, car skidded, maybe I'd had a drink or two --

78A. ANGLE ON KOKO, TRAMP, TATTOO

KOKO:

Man! It's gonna be one hot muther today.

GAMBLER:

Bears gonna be walkin' the road today.

MECHANIC:

(to Tattoo)

You ever seen a man bearcaught?

Tattoo and Tramp look uncertain, frightened.

78B. NEW ANGLE

GAMBLER:

All the salt goes outa his body and the water follers the salt and the brain shrivels up like a dried pea.

TATTOO:

(trying to ingratiate)

When I was in the Navy ---

SOCIETY RED:

(to Alibi)

Convulsions, shivering. Very unpleasant to watch.

BLIND DICK:

(to Alibi)

Man's never the same. Makes him lose his sex drive.

78c. ON KOKO, OTHERS

KOKO:

(to Tramp)

I'm lucky I got a broom. Work up top. Real easy job. Man, it's gonna be hot down in that ditch.

ALIBI:

We work down in the ditch?

GAMBLER:

Ain't you never seen a chain gang, in all your driving around?

TRAMP:

(to Koko)

I ain't used to hard labor neither. Done my best to avoid it.

TATTOO:

I ain't crazy about it myself.

KOKO:

(shaking his head)

Gonna be a hot one to learn on.

SOCIETY RED:

Koko, why don't you let one of these Newmeats take your broom for today?

KOKO:

Hell, no. I ain't goin' down in the ditch.

TRAMP:

I shore would appreciate it. I ain't in much shape just now.

TATTOO:

What about me?

SOCIETY RED:

(to Tramp and Tattoo)

Perhaps if you offered Brother Koko a small...

(makes money gesture)

TRAMP:

I ain't got much. A quarter?

DRAGLINE:

(to Koko)

You was to sell your job, maybe this Lucas War Hero would give you a price.

(CONTINUED)

78C (Cont.)

TATTOO:

I'll give you fifty cents.

KOKO:

Fifty cents? Sweet job like that
worth at least a buck.

ALIBI:

I'll make it a dollar.

KOKO:

Buck is a deal.

ALIBI:

(apologetically to
Tramp, Tattoo)

I've got this weak heart. Too
much drinking, I guess. As soon
as they find out about it, they'll
probably send me someplace else.

TRAMP:

If you even need dough in here, I'm
in big trouble.

LUKE:

(to Dragline)

Where'd you get that about war hero?

DRAGLINE:

Oh we got our sources...Tearing the
heads off...what was it...gumball
machines? What kind of thing is
that for a grown man?

LUKE:

(amused by the put-on)

Well, you know. Small town, not
much to do in the evenings. Mostly
it was settling up old scores.

SOCIETY RED:

You'll have to do better than that
if you want to impress these men.
Some pretty hard numbers here.
Dragline's an ex-safe cracker,
Koko's a jewel thief. Blind Dick
is a rapist.

BLIND DICK:

(to Luke)

Show you the clippings some time.
News-Dispatch called me "The Shiek
of Simonsville." Five broads in
three days...

(CONTINUED)

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25.

28C (Cont.1)

GAMBLER:

'Course two of them were sisters.

SOCIETY RED:

Of course some of them, like Stupid
Blondie, were just unlucky...he fell
off the fire escape...and one or two
don't really belong here at all...

(indicates Babalugats)

...or myself, who just made the small
error of misspelling a friend's name...
on a check.

DRAGLINE:

Hey, Koko. You hear that? All this
time I been thinkin' Society just
come here for the sun and exercise.

Everyone laughs.

DRAGLINE:

(to Luke who is
smiling)

Whatta you so happy about?

LUKE:

I just always did like truck rides.

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79.

EXT. CLAYPIT ROAD

JUST AFTER SUNRISE

as the trucks pull up and stop and the men pour out, picking up tools for the day's work.

80.

EXT. TOOL TRUCK

The guards for the day are: Paul, Kean, Higgins and Godfrey. As the men move through the line for tools, Alibi approaches Boss Paul:

ALIBI:

Boss, I made an arrangement with that man to take his broom.

BOSS PAUL:

(shoving him along)

Git your shovel and git to work.

ALIBI:

I don't think you understand. We made a deal ---

BOSS PAUL:

(canes him on the leg)

Git movin', I said.

ALIBI:

(in pain)

But I made this arrangement --

BOSS PAUL:

(shoving him)

Cut that backsass!

Alibi sees the light, accepts a shovel and walks off resentfully to where the others are working, casting hurt, angry looks at Koko and Society who ignore him.

81.

THE SUN COMES UP

in Godfrey's glasses, and we SEE the gang begin their work. In VARIOUS CUTS, in each of which the sun leaps forward, time passing inexorably...

82. FULL SHOT: THE GANG
rhythmically working away.

83. CLOSE: ALIBI

Trying to pretend to work, not doing it well and getting a passing cut from Boss Paul's cane. Resentfully, he goes at it, sweating heavily.

84. CLOSE: LUKE

He is working hard but badly, unused to the awkward tool, trying to master it. Society Red works up behind him.

85. LUKE AND SOCIETY

SOCIETY RED:

You're working too hard. You won't last two hours. Watch the way the Human Dragline does it.

86. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

He is whipping away with apparently effortless ease but accomplishing more than the others.

87. THE ROAD

An open red Continental with kit zips past, the driver grinning at the Gang.

88. CLOSE: TATTOO

He is suffering along, sweat pouring off him. The sun is beginning to really beat down now. Dragline works a little behind him.

DRAGLINE:

Takin' it off here, Boss!

BOSS PAUL:

Yeah, take it off there.

He takes off his jacket and tosses it to the edge of the road where Dogboy collects it. Tattoo decides to imitate, tentatively.

(CONTINUED)

88. (Cont.)

TATTOO:
Takin' it off here, Boss?

BOSS PAUL:
Yeah, take it off there.

He strips, revealing a tattoo of "Mother" lodged thornlike in his flesh and a great garland of flowers and a girl on his chest.

DRAGLINE:
(sotto voce)
Hey, turn around! Let Koko see the broad.

89.

CLOSE TATTOO

turning so Koko can see, grinning, stopping work.

KOKO:
Beautiful! A real work of art!

BLIND DICK:
(low voice)
Nice broad. Good set.

TATTOO:
(proudly, flexing it)
Had it done in Singapore. Bunch of us
drunk as coots --

DRAGLINE:
(hissing)
Hey, Tattoo!

TATTOO:
(not hearing)
-- went down to see this old hag and she had
needles the size of that cane.

MECHANIC:
(quietly)
Hey. Swing that yoyo or you gonna get a
taste of that cane.

Tattoo realizes where he is and goes back to work.

90.

MOVING SHOT TRAMP

LATER

as he seems to spin, his eyes closed, his arms limp, his
head lolling back, he stumbles, twists, careens.

91.

CLOSE DRAGLINE

seeing this.

DRAGLINE:
Man bearcaught, boss!

92.

CLOSE BOSS KEAN

BOSS KEAN:
Blondie... Sleepy! Git him afore he
falls.

93. STUPID BLONDIE AND SLEEPY

They drop their tools and rush over as Tramp falls. Without ceremony, they drag him over the rough ground to the truck, where Boss Paul locks him in.

94. DRAGLINE

He is watching Luke, who is very close to the same fate. Although he has achieved some grace, it is apparent that Luke is working too strenuously, too determined.

95. MED. SHOT BOSS KEAN

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a turnip watch, looks to Godfrey, who nods.

BOSS KEAN:

Awright, let's eat them beans!

The men break and head for the chow line.

95A. OMITTED

95B. ANGLE ON LUKE

He has dropped to the ground, examining a blister on his hand. At Boss Kean's call, he looks up, ruefully resentful, and gets to his feet and slowly walks to the chow line.

BOSS KEAN'S VOICE:

Hey, you. Bean time!

DRAGLINE

(eyeing Luke, to Gambler)

Cold drink he don't make it.

GAMBLER:

Bet. Babalugats, bet!

Babalugats grins. Dragline has his chow, passes Luke.

DRAGLINE:

(whispering)

You got to snag it, man. You got to stop foolin' around and tear up them weeds.

Luke stumbles past, not paying attention.

96. FULL SHOT GANG WORKING

It is later in the afternoon.

97. ON STUPID BLONDIE

He stops.

STUPID BLONDIE:

Caught short here, boss!

98. ANGLE BOSS KEAN

BOSS KEAN:

Awright, Blondie. Take it behind that tree.

99. ON STUPID BLONDIE

He drops his tool and gratefully trots off in the direction of the tree.

100. ANGLE ON LUKE

It is later. He is working hard, stops a minute as he HEARS a crow cawing overhead. He looks up at it.

101. CLOSE SHOT GODFREY

He snaps his fingers.

102. ANGLE ON LUKE, TATTOO, KOKO, OTHERS

looking up as Rabbitt goes to the truck and gets out a single action rifle which he brings to Godfrey, who puts in a bolt and bullets from his pocket.

TATTOO:

Who's that?

KOKO:

Boss Godfrey.

MECHANIC:

The walking boss.

TATTOO:

Don't he ever talk?

Godfrey has raised the gun and now FIRES.

103. INSERT CROW ON THE WING

It is hit, explodes in a burst of feathers.

1010. ANGLE ON LUKE AND TATTOO

LUKE:

I believe he just said something.

102-

104

OMITTED

105.

FULL SHOT THE MEN

working, Luke flailing away like an automaton.

106.

INT. THE TRUCK

AFTERNOON

as it is opened from the outside. Tramp sits up against the bench, still in rocky shape from his collapse. The others step over him as though he weren't there. Luke appears, like a sleepwalker. He grabs the side rails, gets one foot up and tries to pull himself over the edge of the truck body. But the muscles are just used up. Boss Paul sees this and gives Luke a kick, timed so that it coincides with his jump. It gives him just the added momentum needed to send him over the edge of the body and sprawling along the floor. He's the last one and as the guards lock them up, he grins up at Dragline and Gambler from his prone position.

LUKE:

(to Dragline)

You owe that fella a cold drink.

The men are not tired, they smoke and talk and laugh: it's been an easy day.

KOKO:

Hot damn, Drag. Tomorrow's Saturday.
Another week almost made.

ALIBI:

(hopelessly)

I got two years.

DRAGLINE:

Only two? Man, I already done eight.
Nothin' to it. Just make the days and let
the weeks and the years make themselves.

TATTOO:

I did three hitches in the Navy. It
ain't bad. After a while, you get used
to it and the time --

Koko is looking out the back of the truck.

KOKO:

Oh, man, oh man. Look at that. On the
bicycle. Lookit them shorts. I'm dyin'.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

The men rush to look out at the vision of freedom on the bike.

DRAGLINE:

(knowledgeably)

She looks just like a lil girl I useta know named Louise Merryweather. Fine lil ol' girl, always partial to home-made whiskey. Remember one time down in the cellar, both of us knee-walkin' drunk and ah had this lil pint and Louise wanted a poke of it. So ah said: you wanna poke and I wanna poke, so...

He starts his story. On the floor, Luke sleeps.

107. EXT. PRISON YARD

LATE AFTERNOON

as they are counting in through the gate, their hats with their personal possessions in them held out to be inspected, their pockets turned out. A guard frisks them quickly but efficiently. The Captain stands nearby ignoring them, testing a golf swing. The men move to the mess hall, most of them on the run. Luke moves painfully with exhaustion. Alibi seems quiet and cowed, lost in the crowd. They fall into a line at the mess hall door. Dynamite, his spoon out, moves to the front of the line and Luke winds up somewhere near the rear.

BOSS HIGGINS:

(yardman)

Awright, you, Gibson, step out. Boss Paul says you wasn't happy with your job. Done a lot of complainin'. Gone give you a chance to think it over.

Alibi looks around, fearfully steps out, peering up and down the line, wondering.

BOSS HIGGINS:

Get them clothes off.

Alibi is led to the box. A light stands about it shining down into it and it always burns when the box is ready to be used or when there's someone inside. Now a nightshirt is laid out on top of it. Alibi strips and puts on the pajamas. Boss Kean opens the heavy lid of the box and we see it is grilled with heavy chain link fencing and with strap iron bars. A chamber pot is put inside. Alibi stands in the box, looking back at them, then lies down out of sight. The lid is slammed shut.

108. FULL SHOT

The men watching this. The mess hall door opens and they begin to file in.

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109. INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

as the Wicker Man whales away at his tire rim outside the barracks.

CARR:

Awright, first bell! Let's hit them bunks!

The men are piling into bunks and the CAMERA FINDS Luke heaving himself with a kind of rueful amusement up to the third tier bunk he sleeps in; he's exhausted.

DRAGLINE:

Plumb busted out. Looks like the hard road finally got to Mister Lucas War Hero.

LUKE:

(agreeably)

Back at it in the mornin'. Just need a little nap....

He lies back. Across him and in various perspectives are the other participants in this conversation, speaking in the ventriloquist's whisper while the stragglers get into the sack.

KOKO:

Man, I never thought they'd put him in the box on his first day.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

It was just supposed to be a joke. There ain't no brooms. Whoever heard of a chain gang using brooms?

TRAMP:

I gotta tell you that I believed it.

TATTOO:

He should have known; it was a gag.

KOKO:

You can't switch 'round jobs, anyway. I figured he knew that.

SOCIETY RED:

You can't expect him to learn everything the first day. Hopefully it's taught him a very valuable lesson.

LUKE:

Well, you fixed it up so he's got all night to think about it.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
It's not our fault he's a square.

DRAGLINE:
Course not. He ain't in the box 'cause a
the joke played on him. He's there 'cause
he back sassed a Free Man. They got their
rules and we ain't got nothing to do with
that. Woulda probably happened to him
sooner or later, to a complainer like
him. He's gotta learn the rules same as
anybody else.

LUKE:
Yeah, those poor old guards need all the
help they can get.

DRAGLINE:
You tryin' to say somethin'?

Luke rolls over and goes to sleep.

DRAGLINE:
(to his back)
You jus' keep flapping your mouth and
one of these times, you and me gonna
raise a little dust.

The Wicker Man begins hitting the tire rim again.

CARR:
Awright, last bell!

Silence.

CARR:
(continuing)
Forty-nine and one in the box, Boss!

WICKER MAN'S VOICE:
Forty-nine and one in the box. Right,
Carr.

110. EXT. ROAD CLOSEUP YOYO TRANSITIONAL DEVICE DAY

It slashes away like a pendulum, golden in the sun, TICKING
away time, over roads that stretch to infinity -- a SHOT that
will always tell us that the men are building time. SHOT
WIDENS. The gang is laboring, filling in washouts by the
roadside. The bosses are Paul, Kean, Higgins, and, always,
Godfrey, the Walking Boss.

111. CLOSE LUKE

He is tanned and hardened now, and has mastered the work rhythm. SHOT WIDENS to show Dragline near him, checking his shovel for nicks but really eyeballing a passing car. In the ditch, Luke expertly scoops up a shovel full of sand and, levering the handle on his knees, flips the sand through the air so it hits spang in the pan of Dragline's shovel while Dragline is still eyeballing. It knocks him off balance and by the time he has caught up, Luke is already catching him with another shovel full.

DRAGLINE:

Slow down, man. They ain't passing out medals for slinging dirt.

LUKE:

I thought you knew, boy... they sentenced me by the mile.

Dragline grins at this insouciance, sneaks a look down the road. He digs into his pocket and hauls out a pair of salvaged sunglasses, which he holds up.

DRAGLINE:

Puttin' 'em on here, Boss!

BOSS KEAN'S VOICE:

Yeah, put 'em on, Drag!

111A. NEW ANGLE DRAGLINE, LUKE

as Dragline hooks on the glasses. Luke, Tattoo and Tramp are working around here.

LUKE:

(to Tramp)

Lookit that. Some Hollywood movie star jus' joined up with us.

Tramp smiles.

DRAGLINE:

(to Koko)

Man, this here Newmeat parking meter bandit thing what calls itself Luke don't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'.

LUKE:

(to Tramp)

But damn if he don't look like a fat old Dragline.

(CONTINUED)

111A (Cont.)

TRAMP:

Coulda fooled me.

DRAGLINE:

(to Tattoo)

These is my eyeballin' glasses. Now I'm gonna play peek-a-boo and ol' Godfrey ain't gonna know if I'm eyeballin' or tootin' the piccolo.

TATTOO:

That ain't nuthing compared to what we used to do in San Pedro. There was this ensign...

DRAGLINE:

(has been sniffing the air)

Ah believe I smell me a blonde-haired lady.

112. ANGLE ON BULL GANG

They all look up covertly and, sure enough, in the second car slowed down by Rabbit's sign, is a lush BLONDE in a sun dress that is hiked up high on the thighs and cut low over the bosom. She cringes under their gaze and starts the top going up on the car as though to hide from them.

KOKO:

Man, see her legs. She's tanned all over.

BLIND DICK:

Nice broad. Nice set.

DRAGLINE:

She looks just like Mrs. Patricia Handy, a married woman...I useta fool with. Man, I kin sniff blondes from a hummert yards and redheads from a mile and a half.

KOKO:

(to Tattoo)

Drag's been chain-ganging so long he's got a nose like a bloodhound.

LUKE:

Maybe he's been chain-ganging too long.

DRAGLINE:

Long enough to see redhots come and redhots go.

The car begins to move away. They sigh. The work begins again.

111A (Cont.)

TRAMP:

Coulda fooled me.

DRAGLINE:

(to Tattoo)

These is my eyeballin' glasses. Now I'm gonna play peek-a-boo and ol' Godfrey ain't gonna know if I'm eyeballin' or tootin' the piccolo.

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DRAGLINE:

Long enough to see redhots come and redhots go.

The car begins to move away. They sigh. The work begins again.

113
THRU
122.

OMITTED

123.

NEW ANGLE ON GANG

Time has passed; they are further down the road. A small blue coupe kicks up dust as it jitters down the road and stops across the highway before a small home. A blonde, mid-twenties, gets out, and heads covertly look up.

124.

THE BULL GANG

The woman is too much for them, too close, too blonde, too lush. They stop as one and watch as she disappears into the house.

125.

CLOSE GODFREY

Seeing their odd behavior, he turns to see what's happening but the woman is gone; when he turns back, the men's heads are back down.

126.

DRAGLINE, KOKO, LUKE, OTHERS

KOKO:

Oh, man, did you see her? Did you see her?

DRAGLINE:

I got eyes, don't I? How my not gonna see something like that?

BLIND DICK:

Nice broad. Good set.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

How could you tell? You could hardly see her.

GAMBLER:

She's back!

Heads pop up again as the blonde comes out of the house, now dressed in a short house dress, carrying a radio, a pail and a sponge. She is clearly buxom. She goes to the outside faucet, fills the bucket and drags the attached hose toward the car.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Look at that!

DRAGLINE:

Shut up, you loudmouth jerk!

127.

THE BLONDE

She begins to hose the dusty car, splashing herself, making the cotton dress cling to her body, tossing her hair, every movement and gesture erotic and provocative.

128.

THE MEN

Their work is completely disorganized as they attempt to shovel while watching. Their voices overlap.

KOKO:

Man Oh Man.

LUKE:

That is one mean lady. Bet her husband spends one day a week shooting milkmen.

BLIND DICK:

Lookit her bounce.

GAMBLER:

Oh lean over here, lady. Lean this way.

TRAMP:

I wouldn't mind being that hose.

GAMBLER:

More...a little more.

TATTOO:

I don't know if I believe it.

BLONDIE:

She's so big!

GAMBLER:

Now lean down...a little more.

DRAGLINE:

Lookit that little honeypot. Lookit those legs.

MECHANIC:

Oh man, I ain't never been so thirsty in my life.

129.

THE BLONDE

She begins to rub the windshield erotically.

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

Oh rub. BLIND DICK:

Rub. SLEEPY:

Rub! DRAGLINE:

BABALUGATS:
Rub-a-dub-dub. Rub-a-dub-dub.

KOKO:
I'm dyin'. I'm dyin'!

DRAGLINE:
Look, she's got paint on her toenails! Oh
Lord, whatever I done, don't strike me
blind for 'nother couple minutes. Oh you
Lucille!

29A. DRAGLINE AND LUKE

LUKE:
Lucille? Where do you get that?

DRAGLINE:
(whirling)
That'sa Lucille, you mullet head! Any girl
so innocent and built like that gotta be
named Lucille.

LUKE:
Innocent?

BLIND DICK:
She don't even know what she's doin'.

LUKE:
She knows exactly what she's doin. She's
drivin' you crazy and lovin' it.

DRAGLINE:
Shut your mouth 'bout my Lucille.

LUKE:
Your Lucille? Man, you better put them
glasses back on and take a look at yourself.

DRAGLINE:
(glaring)
Boy. You jus' asking to be handled!

130. P.O.V. MEN TO GIRL

as Godfrey moves across the scene, blocking their view,
staring at them, FILLING THE SCREEN.

131. OMITTED

132. INT. SHOWERS

NIGHT

Trashing bodies and heads in the steam. Feeling of tension,
irritation, except for Babalugats, who is SINGING.

SLEEPY:

Babalugats, shut up.

MECHANIC:

Leave him alone. He's happy.

SLEEPY:

That's because he's a damn moron.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Now why don't you just shut up?

133. INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

The men are in their bunks, sullen, quiet as the tire iron
SOUNDS.

CARR:

Awright, last bell.

Carr paces, counting. Beds SQUEAK as men turn restlessly,
unable to get comfortable. At the far end of the barracks,
a slow-turning fan CREAKS gratingly. It will continue to
do so throughout the scene, adding irritation to Carr's
SQUEEGEEING steps and the regular SQUEAKING of bedsprings.

133A-133J. OMITTED

133K. ANGLE ON MEN

restless, irritated.

CARR'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Fifty, Bossa.

133L. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

WICKERMAN'S VOICE:
Fifty, right, Carr.

133M. ANGLE ON KOKO

KOKO:
Man, it's so hot.

133N. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

GAMBLER:
Gettin' up, Carr.

133-O. FULL SHOT BARRACKS

as Carr paces, SQUEEGEEING. The fan CREAKS. Springs SQUEAK.

CARR:
Yeahhpp.

Gambler gets up, chains Jangling.

133P. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

uncomfortable, tense, shifting.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
Giddyap, Carr.

133Q. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

CARR'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Yeahhpp.

133R. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

Tramp turns, irritated, as Carr SQUEEGEES by.

TRAMP:
How can you sleep with that damn squeaking!

133S. FULL SHOT BARRACKS

Carr pacing. SQUEEGEEING, the fan CREAKING, springs
SQUEAKING.

(CONTINUED)

133S (Cont.)

DYNAMITE'S VOICE:

Gettin' up, Carr.

CARR:

Yeahhp.

Dynamite gets up, chains Jangling.

133T. ON FAN

It is turning slowly, CREAKING, CREAKING, CREAKING. And now on the SOUNDTRACK we HEAR low at first, but steadily building, the tinny SOUND of the Blonde Girl's radio.

133U. ANGLE ON MEN

tense, annoyed, frustrated as the SOUND of the RADIO GROWS, joining the CREAKING, SQUEAKING and SQUEEGEEING.

133V. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

as Carr passes by. He speaks in a low whisper.

DRAGLINE:

Man, that lil Lucille was a lot of lil girl.

133W THRU 133BB. OMITTED

134. ANGLE ON MEN

some turning away, not wanting to be reminded, some staring ahead unhappily, thinking the same thing.

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

You see how she was jus' poppin' outa the top of that dress.

135. ANGLE ON KOKO

irritated, anxious.

KOKO:

Aw, come on, Drag.

136. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

not paying attention.

DRAGLINE:

And down below, that thing didn't
reach no higher than...

(chuckles)

She liable to catch cold... runnin'
around like that.

137. ANGLE ON MEN

irritated by Dragline's voice and the SQUEEGEEING and the
SQUEAKING and CREAKING and the RADIO SOUND, tinny and
grating, growing in volume.

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

...And that thing was so tight 'cross
her bottom...made me wanna just reach
out my hands and...

138. ANGLE ON LUKE

LUKE:

Forget it, man.

139. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

suddenly angry.

DRAGLINE:

Whatta you mean, forget it?

140. ANGLE ON LUKE

LUKE:

Stop beatin', man. You ain't doin'
nobody no good.

141. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

his face corroding in fury as the RADIO SOUND and the
CREAKING, SQUEAKING and SQUEEGEEING are at an unbearable
peak.

DRAGLINE:

(with slow menace)

Boy, you better get some sleep and save
your strength. 'Cause you're gonna need it.

CHANGE
11/25/66
43-46.

142 THRU 145. OMITTED

146. ANGLE ON FAN CLOSE

As the SOUNDS threaten to burst our ears with their high-pitched tension, the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY into the hub of the fan and our nerves scream for relief.

147 THRU 151. OMITTED

152. EXT. BARRACKS DAY
CLOSE ON LUKE AS GLOVE SMASHES INTO HIS FACE

and Luke falls back into the dirt. He's hurt, startled, but grins. We HEAR a CHEER from the men o.s., as he gets up. He is stripped to the waist, wears huge 16 oz. boxing gloves.

153. FULLER ANGLE

showing Dragline similarly dressed. They are squared off in the yard, surrounded by YELLING men who want blood. It is a release from the sexual tension built up by the night before. The guards stand in the guard boxes, watching. The Captain sits up on his porch, so he can see without being too obvious.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

Luke gets up and manages a lunging right across to Dragline's Adam's apple. Dragline is momentarily staggered but counters with a terrible clubbing blow that mashes Luke's gloves into his face, knocking him to the ground. Time is called for the round.

154. LUKE AND OTHERS BEHIND HIM
as he gets to his feet.

TRAMP:

Why don't you just stay there? He's only gonna knock you down agin.

ALIBI:

It's not your fault. He's just too big.

SOCIETY RED:

Let him hit you in the nose, get some blood flowing. Maybe they'll stop it before he kills you.

LUKE:

(shaking his head, grinning)
I don't want to frighten him.

The second round is called and Luke advances toward Dragline.

155. TWO SHOT LUKE, DRAGLINE

circling. Luke has to get in his shot before Dragline gets too close and clubs him again. He feints a punch that moves Dragline off-balance and winds up for a big one, but Dragline smashes him backhand. Luke hits the dirt, the men SCREAM AND YELL. Wiping some blood from his mouth, Luke rises again. He is dizzy. Dragline smacks him down again.

156. THE MEN

SHOUTING, SHRIEKING, they have blood in their eyes, releasing their tensions.

157. INTERCUT THE VARIOUS REACTIONS

as the fight continues. The Captain on his porch rocks and spits dry little spouts of wind, Godfrey, impassive, waiting in his guard house. The YELLING gradually subsides as Dragline continues to smash Luke, who keeps getting up.

158. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

Without relish, he pokes Luke down again. Now there is no cheering, no yelling, just silence.

159. ANGLE ON CAPTAIN

as he gets up and walks down to the wire where he can see what is happening. The silence disturbs him.

160. ON LUKE

He rises, grinning and winds up to throw another punch. But the act of lifting his giant glove is a Herculean task. Seconds go by in which he tries to raise the glove high enough to launch a punch.

161. ON DRAGLINE

waiting, gloves at waist level, poised.

DRAGLINE:

(low)

Oomana pop you one easy. Stay down.

He pops Luke who reels, goes down on a knee and then slowly rises, rises. Dragline is honestly agonized.

DRAGLINE:

I'm gonna kill you, you go on...

LUKE:

That's what you're gonna have to do.

2. ANGLE ON CAPTAIN

concerned.

3. ANGLE ON BOSS GODFREY

impassive.

ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

He raises his fists. But Luke is up again. Dragline realizes he'll have to kill him to beat him. After a long moment, Dragline drops his hands to his sides, looks back toward Godfrey and the captain and then starts walking to the barracks, fast.

ANGLE ON LUKE

He looks after him and reaches up to wipe the blood away, still grinning.

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49.

NIGHT

166.

INT. BARRACKS

The poker game. Five card stud. Playing are Gambler, Koko, Dynamite, Blind Dick and Luke, bandaged. The mood of the barracks is quieter than usual. The men are still assessing the fight, uncertain as to who now is their leader, looking toward Dragline for an indication. Not playing, Dragline lies on his bunk behind Koko, sullenly reading a sex book. Gambler deals the third cards.

GAMBLER:

Ana paira ninas. Koko's the brains.

KOKO:

Cuter.

Dynamite is already out. Blind Dick now folds.

GAMBLER:

Ace calls.

LUKE:

Kick a buck.

KOKO:

(considers, then chips)

I'm in.

GAMBLER:

Ace calls. Here we go.

(deals Luke)

King-five gets a tray for no help.

(deals Koko)

Paira ninas gets a Jack.

(deals himself)

Ana man with the ace gets...slop in the face...Ninas up.

KOKO:

(regarding Luke)

Cuter again.

GAMBLER:

Call.

LUKE:

(expressionless)

Kick a buck.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

Koko is worried. He looks at his hole card, considers, long silence. Dragline looks over from his bunk.

DRAGLINE:

(to Koko)

Whatcha got?

KOKO:

Pair'a nines.

DRAGLINE:

I kin see that, brick head. I mean
your hole card.

Koko hands it over his shoulder to Dragline, who now sits up to consider the whole situation.

DRAGLINE:

(continuing)

Uh-huh. And he ain't got nothing
showing. Raise his head off.

KOKO:

He's been betting his head from the
gun. Gotta have kings.

DRAGLINE:

So then you just call him.

KOKO:

(chipping)

I call.

GAMBLER:

(studies Luke's cards)

I gotta believe. Out!

(folds)

Now they're rollin'.

(deals Luke)

King-five-four gets an eight.

(deals Koko)

Pair'a nines with a Jack gets a four.

Ninas still up.

KOKO:

(tentatively)

Cuter.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.1)

LUKE:
(automatically)
Kick a buck.

KOKO:
Damn.

He looks up to Dragline for help.

DRAGLINE:
Kick him back a buck!

Koko looks uncertain, but listens.

KOKO:
Back a buck.

LUKE:
(automatically)
Kick a buck.

Koko looks up to Dragline: What do we do now?

DRAGLINE:
Don't look at me, mullet-head.

Koko looks to the others.

GAMBLER:
Man, you play like a kokonut. You
got to call him at least.

KOKO:
I know he's got a paira kings. He
don't have to stick 'em in my ear.

BLIND DICK:
Gotta have kings.

GAMBLER:
Sure he's got kings but you still
gotta call him.

Koko looks back to Dragline.

DRAGLINE:
Man's got a paira kings, get your tail
out.

Koko folds. Luke reaches for the pot at the same time that
Dragline reaches for Luke's cards.

(CONTINUED)

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52.

166 (Cont.2)

DRAGLINE:

Nuthin'! A handfull of nuthin'!
(cuffs Koko)
You stupid mullet-head. He beat you with
nuthin'! Just like today when he kept
coming back at me.

LUKE:

(smiling)
Nuthin' can be a pretty cool hand.

DRAGLINE:

Cool Hand Luke.

So saying, Dragline saves face and the baton of leadership
is passed.

166A. EXT. YOYO SHIMMERING IN THE SUN TRANSITIONAL DEVICE DAY
swinging away the time....

167. INSERT: ROAD MOVING SHOT DAY

SHOOTING THROUGH cage truck, as it moves swiftly along, the
landscape a blur of shadows and racing phone poles, etc.,
the men shadows slouched on their benches inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

168. BEARCAUGHT AVENUE

This is a country road running over rolling moors, land open
to the sky and sun, the roads reaching out to infinity. The
cage truck rolls to the end of the road and stops. Stretching
out on either side of the road, every five feet is a pyramid
of freshly dumped sand.

169. ANGLE ON REAR OF TRUCK

as the bull gang gets down, looks at the sand, are given
shovels.

KOKO:

Oh no, man! Not on this hot muther.

GAMBLER:

All the bears gonna be walking today.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

ALIBI:

(nervously)

What's the deal?

DRAGLINE:

Tar truck.

At these bleak words, over the last rise comes a filthy blackened tank truck with a fire in its belly and an array of pipes and valves at its rear, like a hellish beetle.

KOKO:

(to Tattoo, Tramp,
Alibi)

You think you've been working hard.
This muther'll break your back.

SOCIETY RED:

This is a big day for the guards. They
get to remind us who's boss.

TRAMP:

I ain't forgot.

ON THE MEN

as the truck driver makes adjustments in the heater, flame,
etc.

BOSS PAUL:

Awright, every second man, git to the
other side of the road.

Dragline, Dynamite, Gambler, Tattoo, Loudmouth Steve, Alibi,
Sleepy, Stupid Blondie and Chief cross over, leaving Luke,
Koko, Society Red, Tramp, Babalugats, Blind Dick, Mechanic
and Sailor. The tar truck begins to move slowly down the
road, spreading a black, hot, acrid wake behind it.

BOSS PAUL:

(continuing; with
undisguised malice)

Captain heard this gang been doin' so
good, gave us this special job. We got
three miles of tarrin' to cover today.
Let's roll it!

NEW ANGLE ON THE MEN

They begin to work, digging a shovel-full of sand, fanning
it out over the hot tar, moving up to the next pile. Luke
and Dragline in the lead of their respective groups. The

(CONTINUED)

9/29/66
54.

171. (Cont.)

guards move up along the ridges behind the men, urging them to move faster, caning the slow workers.

BOSS PAUL:

Let's git with it!

BOSS SHORTY:

Roll it, heah?

172. ANGLE GODFREY

He is at the rear of the columns, walking down the center of the road. With his stick he points to spots where the tar has not been covered and the nearest man flicks a spray of sand over it.

173. ON LUKE WITH KOKO AND SOCIETY RED

LATER

They are working steadily but it is hot, hard, back-breaking labor. Koko stops for a moment to rub his arm.

KOKO:

Oh man. I'm gonna twist my arm off if this heat don't kill me first.

Boss Paul canes him across the legs.

BOSS PAUL:

Roll it!

174. ON DRAGLINE

sweating and suffering across the road, just keeping up with Luke.

DRAGLINE:

Hey, buddy. Take it easy. You're making me look bad.

LUKE:

The man wants speed, let's give it to him. Ram it in and break it off. Go hard. Shag it.

Dragline begins to work harder, digging and fanning, keeping pace with Luke.

175. ON DRAGLINE AND DYNAMITE

DYNAMITE:
(panting)
Whatta we racin' for?

DRAGLINE:
Man wants speed, let's give it to him.
Use that shovel like you use your spoon.
Shag it, man!

Dynamite understands and throws himself into it.

176. FULL SHOT THE MEN

up to their waists in smoke and dust, splattered with tar,
working like devils as the word passes down the line.

BLIND DICK:
(to Society Red)
Go hard!

GAMBLER:
(to Tattoo)
Ram it in and break it off!

ALIBI:
(to Sleepy)
Roll it!

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
Shag it!

They are all working like hell.

177. ANGLE ON BOSS PAUL

He looks confused, concerned by this sudden manic activity.

178. ANGLE ON BOSS GODFREY

forced to walk faster to keep up, finding no unsanded spots
for his sorcerer's wand.

179. ON LUKE, DRAGLINE, OTHERS

enjoying the guard's confusion.

DRAGLINE:
(to Luke)
They don't know iff'n to smile, spit
or swallow.

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

LUKE:

They ain't never seen a bull gang
before.

SOCIETY RED:

Work those shovels instead of your
mouths..

180. WORKING ON BEARCAUGHT AVENUE

Essentially a MONTAGE, a wild insane ballet of labor as
led by Luke and Dragline, the bull gang throws itself into
the madness, muttering Luke's words of inspiration to each
other and loving the guards' confusion. (SONG ON SOUND
TRACK)

TRAMP:

Go hard!

TATTOO:

Ram it in....

MECHANIC:

Break it off....

SOCIETY RED:

Roll it!

DYNAMITE:

Shag it!

STUPID BLONDIE:

Move it!

Luke grins and works. The guards are tense and uneasy and
walk the road backward, not daring to turn their backs on
these madmen. Rabbit runs around with his water bucket but
the men don't drink, just upturn the water over their faces
and keep going.

181. ON BOSS PAUL

confused, angry, has not been able to cane anyone in an
hour. As Rabbit rushes by:

BOSS PAUL:

Rabbit! What the hell's goin' on?

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

RABBIT:
(knows but isn't
saying)

I don't know, Boss. They must be
bearcaught. All of them.

He rushes off, as caught up in the esprit as the others.

182. WORKING AGAIN

More of the madness but now even faster, sweeter, wilder.
The men are bearcaught by their sudden power to confound
the guards. ALL SHOTS FAVORING Luke, splattered with tar,
working right behind the truck.

183. ON GODFREY

Replacing his stick with a rifle, as tense and uncertain
as the other bosses, staring at Luke with blank, hating
eyes.

184. ON LUKE

as he looks up just as the tar truck turns off the road
which has ended, crossed by a small highway. They have
finished. Luke stands straight, looking out across the
highway to the rolling green beyond. Dragline works up
to him.

DRAGLINE:
Where'd the road go?

LUKE:
That's it. That's the end.

KOKO:
But there's still daylight left.

DRAGLINE:
(checking
the sun)
Bout two hours left.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
What do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.)

Luke has been looking at the guards who have grouped in conference around Boss Paul who has his watch out. They look concerned, gesticulating toward Luke and the others.

LUKE:

(smiling)

Nothin'.

The others understand. They have beaten the Free Men by working harder. They all collapse on the ground, rolling about, dazed, tired but happy as hell, laughing.

DRAGLINE:

Oh, Luke, you wild beautiful thing!
You crazy handful of nuthin'!

DISSOLVE TO:

185
THRU
188.

OMITTED

189.

INT. BARRACKS

DAY

Sunday afternoon scene. The chain men are dancing, jingling. Three RADIOS BLARE in different corners; a hell-fire preacher where Deacon and Society Red sit working a letter; romantic ballads (Near You, Heart Aches by Ted Weeks, etc.) for the men reading fuck books; rhythm and blues, country music for a couple of wrestlers, banging into bunks until one departs the other and runs off. CAMERA FOLLOWS THIS ACTION SHOWING the scene. Other men rolling cigarettes, Dynamite still on his rattlesnake wallet, Koko cutting hair, using a board over an ash can for a barber's chair. Everyone is barefoot.

WICKERMAN:

Visitor for Luke!

Luke sits up from his bunk, staring at the Wicker, unmoving, amazed.

GAMBLER:

(O.S.)

Steve. Your mother's here!

190. ANGLE ON LUKE

as he gets up. Behind him Loudmouth Steve gets up, tossing down his sex book resentfully:

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
Jeez! She never lets me alone.

TRAMP:
You oughta be glad you got somebody.

Steve tosses him a finger as he leaves.

ALIBI:
My wife hasn't been here for a month.
She must be sick again. She's had this
condition of the liver for...

TATTOO:
Alibi, can't you never say nothin'
without explainin' it? Carr says you
even explain when you get up at night.

191. EXT. CAMP GATE

DAY

By the picnic table set up for visitors. In far b.g., we SEE Luke come out of the door and start across the yard toward the gate, where he is shaken down and permitted to exit, moving down to the table. A few feet from the end of the table, Boss Godfrey sits in a kitchen chair, his hands discreetly crossed over the pistol in his lap. His mirror eyes play over the scene. Loudmouth Steve, his MOTHER -- a desperately fortyish blonde -- and a couple of other prisoners and visitors occupy the background. Parked next to the table is a truck. In the bed lies Luke's mother, ARLETTA. She is propped up on pillows and wedged in for traveling.

The whole back is set up as for a chronic invalid, everything within reach, etc. She smokes incessantly. Nearby, Luke's BROTHER and his nephew, JOHN-BOY, a kid of twelve, enormously impressed with the sights and the guns and dogs, etc.

LUKE:
Comin' out here, Boss?

BOSS PAUL:
(by the gate)
Yeah. Come on out, Luke.

A few feet outside the gate, Jackson reaches for the boy, pats him on the head. Shakes hands in passing with his brother, who is unmistakably a farmer, and stands in the doorway looking at his mother. She lies on her side craning to see him.

(CONTINUED)

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191 (Cont.)

LUKE:

How'd you find me?

ARLETTA:

Helen, she sent along your things with a note, and John here, he wrote to the police.

LUKE:

Yeah. Well.

(to Godfrey)

Gettin' up here, Boss.

Godfrey just looks at him, says nothing.

LUKE:

Well, Arletta, I got to stand down here.

ARLETTA:

I allus hoped to see you well fixed and have me a crop of grandkids to kiss and fuss around with.

LUKE:

Like to oblige you, Arletta, but right off I don't know where to put my hands on 'em.

ARLETTA:

Sometimes I wisht people was like dogs, Luke. Comes a time, a day like, when the bitch just don't recognize her pups no more, so she don't have no hopes nor love to bring her pain. She just don't give a damn. They let you smoke?

LUKE:

Smokin' it up here, Boss.

Boss Godfrey nods. He lights cigarettes for her and for himself.

LUKE:

Yeah, well, Arletta, you done your best. What I done with myself is my problem.

ARLETTA:

No it hain't, Luke. You ain't alone. Ever whar you go, I'm with you, and so's John.

LUKE:

You never thought that's a heavy load?

ARLETTA:

We allus thought you was strong enough to carry it. Was we wrong?

Luke gives her the cigarette, and smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

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61:

LUKE:

No. But things ain't always like they seem, Arletta. You know that. A man's gotta go his own way.

ARLETTA:

Well, I don't know, I just wash my hands of it, I guess I just got to love you and let go.

She catches his hand as he puts the cigarette between her lips.

LUKE:

Yeah.

ARLETTA:

What are you doin' here?

LUKE:

We call it abuildin' time, Arletta.

ARLETTA:

I ain't askin' what you'll do after you get out, because I'm gonna be dead and it don't matter.

His mother's disappointment in him brings Jackson a real twinge of pain here. He tries to change the subject.

LUKE:

You never wanted to live forever anyways, did you? It wasn't such a hell of a life.

ARLETTA:

Oh, I had me some high old times. Yore old man, Luke, wasn't much for stickin' around, but damn it he made me laugh.

LUKE:

Yeah, would of been nice to of knowed him, the way you talk about him.

She's looking at him and begins to laugh, losing control and coughing to the point it alarms John and Jackson and they have to help her. She pays no attention to the cough.

ARLETTA:

He'd...He'd of...broke you up.

She quiets after the fit and lies back, tired.

(CONTINUED)

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62..

191 (Cont. 2)

ARLETTA:

You think life is some kind of ocean voyage and you start out with buntin' and hollerin' and high hopes, but the damn ship goes down before you ever reach the other side. Luke?

LUKE:

Here, Mom.

ARLETTA:

What went wrong?

LUKE:

Nothin'. Ever'thing's cool's can be.

ARLETTA:

No.

LUKE:

Tried to live always just as free and aboveboard as you been, and well, they ain't that much elbow room.

Arletta is looking hard into his eyes as he speaks. She reaches out to him again....

ARLETTA:

You allus had good jobs, and that girl in Kentucky I taken a shine to her.

LUKE:

She took off with that convertible feller....

ARLETTA:

Well, why not? Idee of marryin' got you all choked up, trying to pretend you was respectable you was borin' the hell out of all of us.

LUKE:

(grinning at her)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.3)

ARLETTA:
I'm leavin' the place to John.

LUKE:
That's good: he earned it..

ARLETTA:
Nothin' to do with it. I ain't never
give John the kind of feelin' I give
you, so I'm payin' him off now. Don't
feel you got to say anything. Way it
is, sometimes, you just have a feelin'
for a child or you don't, and with John
I just didn't.

192. OFFSTAGE WHISTLE

LUKE:
Gotta go, Arletta.

ARLETTA:
(recovering)
Laugh it up, kid. You'll make out.

She kneads his hand and subsides onto her bed. Luke turns
away from her to face John, who has stood by. Godfrey is on
his feet. The other men are getting up and saying goodbye to
visitors, picking up their packages, etc., and among them is
a chain man, his chains dragging, holding them up with a
string. The kid stands by John looking at the chains clink-
ing past...

JOHN-BOY:
Why can't you have chains?

Luke looks up at John, Sr. with amusement.

JOHN-BOY:
Uncle Luke?

193. TWO SHOT LUKE AND JOHN, SR.

JOHN:
John-Boy looks to you. You're a hero.
He's braggin' on you all over the
county.

LUKE:
(thoughtful)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

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64.

JOHN:

You must've really flung a binge this time. You really hit that cop?

LUKE:

(not liking the
smug pride in John)

Much as I'd like to oblige you, John,
I didn't hit the cop.

(beat)

She's in pretty bad pain, ain't she?

JOHN:

(nods)

Fulla dope, Luke.

LUKE:

Keep it with her all the time. Let her
have all she wants.

They understand each other. Luke chucks John-Boy under the chin, then stops, looks at John, kneels beside him.

194. TWO SHOT LUKE AND JOHN-BOY

LUKE:

You don't want to admire them chains, John-Boy.
They ain't medals. You get them put on for
makin' mistakes.

(beat)

And if you make a really bad mistake, then you
got to deal with the Man... and he is one tough
old boy.

195. THEIR P.O.V.

Godfrey stares at them, his glasses mirroring.

196. BACK TO THEM

LUKE:

So long, Arletta. Take care.

ARLETTA'S VOICE:

You know it, kid.

John holds Luke for a beat and reaches into the truck and
pulls out a battered banjo which he gives Luke.

JOHN:

Now there's nothin' for you to come back for.

197. ARLETTA'S TRUCK

LEAVING down the road, kicking up dust. Barracks in b.g.

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198. EXT. HIGHWAY WITH YOYO SUPERHERO DAY
cutting away at the time...

DISSOLVE TO:

199. INT. BARRACKS NIGHT

Luke sits on his bunk plunking aimlessly at the BANJO. The barracks are quiet, an air of ennui. Suddenly there is an unidentifiable SOUND, low, but all the heads in the barracks look up, waiting, silently. It has begun to rain, the big drops DRUMMING on the roof. It begins to fall heavily. There are moving slams around the building as outside the guards SLAM the storm shutters. It is hot, oppressive.

ALIBI:

I guess they have to close those things, or we'd drown. But it's really suffocating.

TATTOO:

Talk about drownin', I did some trainin' on a submarine once. Boy, when you're under there you really feel it.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Shut up, man. It's too hot to talk.

The air is stifling, desultory. Out of boredom, Dragline turns to Dynamite.

DRAGLINE:

You see mah skinny lil boy at chow tonight. He was matching you plate for plate.

DYNAMITE:

I wasn't feelin' good. Think I got a ulcer or somethin'.

DRAGLINE:

He had a spoon like yours, he'd make you look like a possum nibblin' on a tree bark.

Society Red is lying on his bunk looking at the bottom of the bunk above.

SOCIETY RED:

Oh, come on, Clarence.

Dragline sits up and looks at him aggressively.

(CONTINUED)

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199 (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:

What do you mean, Clarence? You
callin' me a liar?

He waits.

SOCIETY RED:

Not a liar. You just have a common--
and likable--tendency toward exaggeration.

DRAGLINE:

(proudly)

He's the champeen hog-gut of this camp.
Hell, I seen him eat ten choc'lat bars
and seven cold drinks in fifteen minutes.
He kin eat busted bottles and rusty nails,
any damn thing. If you'd so kindly oblige
as to let me cut off your yankee head, he'd
even eat that.

LUKE:

I can eat fifty eggs.

They turn to look at him as though surprised to find him
there. Before Dragline can think he says...

DRAGLINE:

Nobody kin eat fifty eggs.

SOCIETY RED:

(to Dragline)

You just said he could eat anything.

DRAGLINE:

(doubtfully, to Luke)

You ever eat fifty eggs?

LUKE:

Nobody ever ate fifty eggs.

GAMBLER:

Bet! Bet! Babalugats!

DRAGLINE:

Mah boy say he kin eat fifty eggs,
he'll eat fifty eggs.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Yeah but in how long?

LUKE:

One hour.

(CONTINUED)

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199 (Cont.1)

SOCIETY RED:

Well I believe I'll have to take part
of that wager.

DRAGLINE:

Two bucks.

GAMBLER:

Let's talk money.

DRAGLINE:

Awright, twenty bucks. Anything!
The Syndicate'll cover any money you
got. Koko, get paper.

KOKO:

Dragline...fifty eggs got to weigh a
good six pounds.

DYNAMITE:

(expertly)

Man's gut can't hold that. They'll
swell up and bust him open.

BLIND DICK:

You're gonna kill him.

DRAGLINE:

Getcha money, up. Gambler!
Dynamite! Everybody. Kokonut Head
here is taking the money. Loudmouth
-- get it up!

The initial boredom of the scene is dispelled--a purpose has
been created to lead them through the endless building of
time.

GAMBLER:

How's he gonna eat 'em?

LUKE:

(cutting in)

Boiled for fifteen minutes. Then
peeled. I eat all fifty in one hour.

Men are all around Dragline and Koko now with money and
wagers. Koko is frantically scribbling.

DRAGLINE:

Koko, write down their names, don't
just make marks.

(CONTINUED)

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199 (Cont.2)

SOCIETY RED:

One rule! No throwing up. He throws up, you forfeit everything.

DRAGLINE:

You ever see mah boy throw up? Shut your mouth and put up your money!

Koko is on the floor now with Babalugats beside him, assorting papers, handing out betting receipts. Dragline turns to Luke.

DRAGLINE:

Why'd you have to say fifty? Why not thirty-five or thirty-nine?

LUKE:

Fifty's a nice round number.

DRAGLINE:

Damn, Luke. What's the matter with you? What's the matter with me?

LUKE:

(winking)

Nothin' to worry about. We got a deadlock on that mullet.

200.

EXT. PRISON YARD MOVING TWO SHOT DAY

Luke and Dragline jog around the yard like roadwork for a boxer and trainer.

DRAGLINE:

What did I do? Stole and stole lies. I loved mah neighbor and his wife, but what did I do to deserve this lunatic to come in mah happy home and beat me outa hard earned bread.

LUKE:

(grins)

We got it locked in the sock.

DRAGLINE:

Yeah, I know. But what we gotta do first is stretch that l'il ol' belly of yours--git it all strained out, in fightin' shape, like a barrage balloon.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

LUKE:

You ol' sack of guts. I had a belly like yours, we wouldn't have nothin' to worry about.

DRAGLINE:

(considers paunch)

'Atsa sign I got me an affectionate nature.

LUKE:

Like an elephant.

DRAGLINE:

(grinning)

Us elephants may be a lil slow, like in makin' love, but you give us a coupla three days to really get with it an' man -- stand back!

Luke grins.

201. LUKE IN THE CHOWLINE

taking enormous helpings.

DOGBOY:

Lookit this hot gut, Boss. Here's a man gone bust the State feedin' his face.

BOSS HIGGINS:

Wisht I could eat like that.

LUKE:

Thing about bad food, you got to eat a lot of it.

202. OMITTED

203. LUKE

He sits in a yoga position, rippling his stomach muscles miraculously. Koko and Gambler pop INTO THE SHOT to watch with amazement.

204. INT. MESS HALL

NIGHT

Luke refuses food. He moves to his place, sits before his empty plate.

205. INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

as Dragline stops in front of the Wicker Man.

DRAGLINE:

Boss! Man needs a brown bomber and a dose of salts.

Instant UPROAR of protest.

(CONTINUED)

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205 (Cont.)

SOCIETY RED:

Rules Committee! Rules Committee!

ALIBI:

Nobody said nothin' about that!

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Same as dopin' a race horse!

SLEEPY:

It don't sound right.

TATTOO:

You can't do that!

DRAGLINE:

You jes' watch us!

BLIND DICK:

Fair's fair.

KOKO:

Got a right to start with a clear gut!

DYNAMITE:

Man can't eat that much no matter --

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

You can't just change the rules any way you want!

All of this is overlapping: Dragline walks through them carrying the pile and cup of salts passed out from the Wicker, ignoring it all.

INT. KITCHEN

JABO, the cook, is lowering the sacks of eggs into huge pots of boiling water. Carr stands by with a watch, timing. Outside the open door are Dragline, Dynamite and Gambler watching tensely.

DRAGLINE:

Take it easy now, Jabo. Them is eggs, not them cathead biscuits.

JABO:

I know what eggs look like. I ain't seen any around here for three years, but I remember.

CHANGE
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207. ANGLE ON BARRACKS DOOR

DAY

as a file of men carry the still-steaming eggs in their hats from the yard into the building.

207A.

RABBIT:

(adding on a scrap
of paper)

I've got it figured. If he eats
an egg a minute, he's got 10 minutes
left to swallow them.

CHIEF:

I just got sent five bucks from the
rodeo company.

RABBIT:

What for?

CHIEF:

A bull I fell off.

208. INT. BARRACKS

as the line of men reach the poker table and begin stacking
up the eggs. The Rules Committee sits around the table
leaving one side for Luke. It's all set up with towels, etc.
They are counting eggs carefully, piling them in pyramids.
Dragline picks up an egg and cracks it smartly on the table.
Again uproar...

DRAGLINE:

Awright! Stand back, you pedestrians,
this ain't no automobile accident!

ALIBI:

You're peeling his eggs!

DRAGLINE:

That's right, Mister Alibi.

SOCIETY RED:

He peels the eggs himself. That's
understood.

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:

You jus' may be great at hangin' paper around the big cities, but us country boys is not entirely brainless. When it comes to the law, nothin' is understood.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Who made what law about peeling his eggs?

DRAGLINE:

I'm his trainer, I'm the syndicate what's coverin' all bets, and I'm his official egg peeler.

SOCIETY RED:

Just wait till the hour starts, that's all.

The champion enters and the talk dies. He's naked from the waist. He does some side-straddle hops and deep-knee bends. His stomach is markedly concave. He, drying himself from a shower, walks to the fragment of mirror on the wall and combs his hair, studies his image a second and, at last ready, moves to the table and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE:

(ingenuously)
What's goin' on?

Dragline jumps up and gives a second's rubdown to Luke's shoulders. There is a flurry of last minute betting, and then silence. Everybody gathered around. Luke shuffles his feet, twitches his toes. One egg from the pile is peeled and in front of him. Carr waits, his eyes on his wrist watch, his other hand up in the air, and all eyes rest on that hand. All eyes drop as the hand drops. Dragline grabs eggs and peels them, his fingers flickering, the shells flying. Luke picks up the peeled egg and eats it in a gulp.

209. CUTS OF LUKE, DRAGLINE, REACTIONS

210. LUKE

He's eating very fast.

SOCIETY RED:

(keeping a written tab)

One, two, three...
(continues counting,
throughout)

KOKO:

He's gonna lose a finger eating eggs
like that.

Dragline reaches over and pops an egg into Luke's mouth, his pinkie extended, like tossing a tidbit into the mouth of some animal.

211. FULL SHOT LUKE IN THE CENTER

The others stand around, motionless. Dragline cracks and peels and Luke eats in a regular musical rhythm inexorable and horrible as it is sustained. Red is checking and counting off eggs...

SOCIETY RED:

...twenty-four. Twenty-five,
twenty-six...

212. LUKE

His face bears an expression of ineffable absent pleasure as though eggs reminded him of something a long way away.

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213. DRAGLINE

looking at him, neutral....

DRAGLINE:

Slow down a little.

214. THE GROUP

Some chew fingernails, some stare, some mouth open, some stand with unlighted cigarettes in their mouths, staring. Some have eyes shut, their lips silently counting with Red.

SOCIETY RED:

... thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two.

215. LUKE

He stops and stands up, stretching. His stomach bulges as though he were pregnant. Slowly he walks across the barracks toward the water faucet. Dragline stands looking after him, alarmed. Luke slowly bends over and washes his mouth out, not taking a drink. He stands, turns, walks up and down, does some exercises. Silence, no one else moves. He walks back, looks at the eggs, making an expression of distaste. He turns away and does some more exercises. Gambler moves over very close to him. Luke is going up and down, up and down doing knee bends. Gambler tries to look into his eyes, examine his stomach, listen to his wind. Luke sticks out his tongue obligingly for a check. Gambler stands up.

SOCIETY RED:

Eighteen to go!

There is a flurry of last-minute betting led by Onionhead's examination. Koko, Babalugata beside him, are the tellers.

GAMBLER:

He's had it. I'm throwin' in my last tenner.

Sleepy appears, as does Tramp, to make bets.

BLIND DICK:

He don't look good.

DYNAMITE:

(expertly)

Man's gut can't hold more'n that.

GAMBLER:

Oh you gon' come crawlin' around beggin' for a cold drink, Drag. Your boy is done for!

(CONTINUED)

215 (Cont.)

Mechanic has been studying Luke as if he were an ailing carburetor.

MECHANIC:

(quietly to Dragline)

If I give you a dollar and he don't eat all fifty eggs, I get two dollars?

DRAGLINE:

Mechanic!

Dragline puts his arm around Mechanic's shoulders affectionately.

DRAGLINE:

You're a sweet old boy and I don't like to see you pick up no bad habits. Better use that dollar to buy yourself a new spark plug or something. But as long as you done took a stand, why don't you put some money where your mouth is? Not no measly buck!

MECHANIC:

All I got is three-seventy-five.

DRAGLINE:

It's a bet! Kokol! I gone this far, I'm backin' mah boy all the way! Come on, who's next? Where are the big money men, I want to hear from some high rollers.

Silence.

SOCIETY RED:

I believe you've got it all, Dragline. Every nickel in camp is riding.

Dragline turns to Luke and grins. Luke instantly appears to recover and walks casually back to the table. It should be clear this last was a little put-on between him and Dragline to milk the last money into bets. Luke sits and begins eating.

216. LUKE

cool, confident, but as the egg is crushed in his mouth the first real gagging feeling of total surfeit hits him. His jaw closes and freezes. His eyes grow desperate and swivel toward Dragline, though he doesn't dare move his head lest he give way to nausea.

217. DRAGLINE
reacts.

218. LUKE

with a herculean effort, he swallows.

(CONTINUED)

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SOCIETY RED'S VOICE:

Thirty-three.

Dragline swallows with relief. Gambler moves and looks about, a man feeling victory within his grasp.

ALIBI:

Carr? What's the time?

CARR:

Twenty-four minutes to go.

Luke swallows another egg; sweat bursts out on his forehead. Dragline signals to a second, Koko, to sit in for him and peel eggs. He moves to Luke.

SOCIETY RED:

Thirty-four.

219. TWO SHOT LUKE AND DRAGLINE

as Dragline stands behind him, massaging his shoulders and neck, tenderly... Luke doggedly eats eggs, one by one. Red counts off under...

SOCIETY RED:

Thirty-nine... forty... forty-one...
forty-two...

Meanwhile:

DRAGLINE:

Come on, boy, come on, darlin'. You kin do her. Just let that ol' belly sag and enjoy itself. Stay loose, buddy. Eightmore, between you and everlasting glory. Little ol' eggs, pigeon eggs, that's all, fish eggs practically.

Luke almost throws up, and Dragline signals Koko to hold up... he gets Luke on his feet and begins walking him up and down the barracks...

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Carr? Time?

CAR:

Six minutes to go, Dragline.

DRAGLINE:

(into Luke's ear)

Just shakin' it down, that's all,
settlin' them eggs down...

(CONTINUED)

He sits him down, takes an egg from Koko and puts it to Luke's lips, pursing his lips in a kiss...

DRAGLINE:

Come on, Baby... don't be that way.
Open your little ol' gator mouth.

Luke opens his mouth, in goes the egg, he chews, chews, swallows. Another egg...

SOCIETY RED:

Forty-four...

CARR:

Two minutes to time...

DRAGLINE:

All right now: get mad at them eggs.
Eat it there boy! Bite it! Gnaw on it!

SOCIETY RED:

Forty-five.

CARR:

One minute, thirty seconds.

Another egg goes. Luke closes his eyes and motions to Dragline; just stuff 'em in any old how!

DRAGLINE:

That's it, that's how to do it, chew,
chew, chew!

All eggs peeled. Koko is up and dancing wildly, and a couple of men, even though they've got nothing but everything to lose, are intoxicated beyond power to restrain themselves and are yelling and jumping up and down.

CARR:

One minute, fifty-five... fifty...
forty-five... etc.

SOCIETY RED:

Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven...

So that it all comes out in a near dead-heat, with Dragline yelling and popping in eggs. At the last second before deadline, two whole eggs are shoved into Luke's mouth, and Dragline rams Luke's mouth shut for him...

DRAGLINE:

All in: that's it: chew, chew, chew!

CARR:

Fifteen, ten, nine, eight, seven... six...

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.1)

Luke looks around, then takes a mighty swallow, as:

CARR:

One ... zero!

Luke collapses with his head on the table, his arms flung out.

SOCIETY RED:

He didn't swallow the last ...

He grabs him by the hair and pulls his head back. Dragline pries his mouth open with his fingers. Luke is out ...

DRAGLINE:

You think so, huh?

220. NEW ANGLE PAST LUKE'S EAR

as they all peer down into his throat. Dragline grins, looks around at Society.

DRAGLINE:

Where's the egg?

He slaps Luke on the cheek affectionately, closes his mouth and lets his head fall back on the table with a loud thump, his arms again sprawled out in the piles of egg shells. A dance of victory for Dragline ... he collects all over the place. Dynamite, shaking his head, quietly knights the new champion hog-gut by laying his big spoon on the table next to Luke's head.

221. EXT. ROAD

DAY

A car ROARS by, leaving a hint of laughter and music in the air and a cloud of dust. The men are working rhythmically. Godfrey watching.

221A. ANGLE ON LOUDMOUTH STEVE GAMBLER

They have been observing Godfrey.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Man looks like a goddamn bus driver.

GAMBLER:

(yoyoing)

He gets too close to me and I'll cut his belly open.

22. OMITTED

23. ANGLE ON KOKO

He sees snake.

KOKO'S VOICE:

Snake in the grass! Boss!

He runs. Men flail at the snake in the grass with their yoyos and CAMERA MOVES WITH Snake though we can't see it and we follow its progress only by the men jumping, hitting at it, yelling.

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224. GODFREY

He rams his cane into the soft sand and Rabbit reaches into the truck cab and hands him his rifle. Godfrey slams the bolt in.

225. BACK TO MEN

They jump and yell and chase the snake until they reach Luke, who stoops, grabs cooly and comes up with the snake, holding it by the tail.

LUKE:

Pickin' it up here, Boss!

226. GODFREY

His EYES HUGE IN THE SCREEN: Luke seen there IN DUPLICATE, standing tall in the sun, grinning, the rattler wriggling and thrashing in his grasp. Godfrey's face holds for a long beat then the rifle is brought up so that we can now see Luke CLEAR IN ONE LENS and the other he is lined up in the rifle sight pointing directly INTO THE LENS -- or just CAMERA LEFT. There is a SHOT and the rifle is lowered enough so we can see Luke IN DUPLICATE again.

227. LUKE

looking at Godfrey, grinning, but a little tougher now. The snake has no head. He walks down a little and throws the body of the snake on the road at Godfrey's feet. It brings him close to where Godfrey's cane still stands in the sand. Godfrey kicks at the snake. He turns... Luke pulls the cane out of the sand and holds it out to Godfrey.

LUKE:

Don't forget your walking stick, Boss.

Godfrey turns to face him and stares at him. Luke just holds the stick out to him. Godfrey slowly takes the bolt out of the rifle, looks down the barrel, blows the smoke out, puts the bolt in his pocket and hands the gun back to Rabbit before finally reaching out and taking the stick from Luke. He turns and walks away.

LUKE:

You shore can shoot, man.

Godfrey's shoulders almost jerk as though at every word he were being hit with invisible bullets.

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228. SKY CLOUD THUNDER LIGHTNING

229. EXT. ROAD DRAGLINE LUKE

working.

DRAGLINE:

Luke, why you actin' so strange?
What you wanna do somethin' like that
for? You gone too far when you mess
with the Man With No Eyes. You gonna
be outa here in a little bit -- whyn't
you jus' take it a little easy?

Luke has been staring up at the darkening sky which is grow-
ing more ominous with clashing clouds and rolling thunder.

LUKE:

Man, it looks like the Big Boss is
getting ready to let us have it!

It begins to rain, large spattering drops, quickly turning
into a downpour.

BOSS PAUL:

(o.s.)

Awright, you kin git in that truck.

The gang rushes back into the shelter, all except Luke and
Dragline.

LUKE:

Look at Him go. Bam! Bam!

DRAGLINE:

Knock it off, Luke! You cain't talk
about Him that way.

Dragline begins to move off toward the truck.

LUKE:

You still believe in the Big Bearded
Boss, Drag? You think he's up there
watching us?

He grins at Dragline and then, after a beat, raises his bush
axe straight up to the sky, grinning at Dragline.

230. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

He is frightened as he backs off toward the truck.

DRAGLINE:

Get in here! Ain't you scared --
ain't you scared of dyin'?

231. ANGLE ON LUKE

The rain is torrential. He has to shout to be heard.

LUKE:

Dyin'? He can take back this
nice pretty life any time He wants.
(looks up)
You welcome to it, Old Timer. Come
on! Make me know you're up there!
Kill me or love me, one or the other.

He holds his bush axe again, laughing, soaking wet.

232. REVERSE BACK OF TRUCK

The men jammed into the frame of the body, a frieze of
shocked faces staring out at him through the rain. There
is a blinding flash of lightning and a THUNDEROUS ROAR.
They wince but don't turn away.

233. LUKE

He smiles and lowers the bush axe, walking toward the truck.

LUKE:

Standin' out here in the rain!
All alone! Talkin' to myself.

He smiles a little shamefaced, rueful, sad smile and climbs
into the truck and the men draw back from him.

234. ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE TRUCK PARKED BEHIND

Godfrey seen dimly through the rain-misted windshield.

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235. EXT. YOYO SHIMMERING IN THE SUN TRANSITIONAL DEVICE DAY

236. INT. BARRACKS NIGHT

It is the free hour. But instead of the poker game, Dragline, Luke and Koko sit at the table dealing with their line of debtors from the egg-eating. Koko acts as secretary, changing the amounts as the men pay off or borrow more. As Blind Dick receives his money and leaves:

DRAGLINE:

(to Koko)

Blind Dick is payin' us off three
and borrowin' back five. Next!

It is Tattoo.

DRAGLINE:

Borrowin' or payin' back?

TATTOO:

Borrowin'.

DRAGLINE:

Mister Cool Hand here is the soft
heart in our Loan Department.
Next!

236A. ON CARR AT THE WICKER NIGHT

He has just been handed a telegram by the Wicker Man. He reads it impassive as always, while in b.g., the business continues and we HEAR:

SOCIETY RED'S VOICE:

I believe I still owe you thirty.
I don't suppose you'd take a check.

TATTOO'S VOICE:

(to Luke)

My Navy disability didn't come yet.
You know how it is.

(CONTINUED)

236A (Cont.)

Carr finishes reading and we FOLLOW HIM as he walks to the table.

LUKE:

Sure do ... that's why we didn't bet with the Navy.

DRAGLINE:

Oh, that's mah darlin' Luke. Grins like a baby and bites like a 'gator.

Carr sets the telegram on the table next to Luke.

CARR:

Sorry, Luke.

Luke picks up the telegram and reads. Then he sets it down, stands and goes to his bunk. Dragline looks after him, takes up the telegram and hands it up to Society Red.

SOCIETY RED:

(after reading)

His mother's dead.

237. ANGLE ON LOUDMOUTH STEVE

As he sees Luke go to his bunk, he picks up his sex book and moves down to the other end of the barracks. Alibi does the same with the cigarette papers and tobacco he has been rolling.

238. ANGLE ON LUKE

sitting on his bunk, bare feet tucked up beneath his drawn-up legs, softly picking out a slow hymn melody on his panjo. Tears slowly stream down his cheeks.

239. ANGLE ON CARR

as Luke continues playing softly. He walks down to the other end of the barracks, too.

240. FULL SHOT BARRACKS

All of the other men are congregated at the other end, giving Luke what privacy they can. There is no conversation, only the slow, plaintive plucking of the banjo.

241. ANGLE ON LUKE CLOSE

playing, the tears coursing.

242. NEW ANGLE ON LUKE

in his bunk now, staring wet-eyed up at the ceiling.

CARR'S VOICE:

Fifty, boss.

WICKERMAN'S VOICE:

Fifty, awright, Carr.

243. EXT. MESS HALL

PRE-DAWN

As the men pour out they see that the light on the box is burning, a nightshirt is hung on the fence. Their usual hurry-up pace is slowed to a nervous, apprehensive gait.

BOSS PAUL:

Awright, git lined up here.

244. ANGLE ON CAPTAIN'S PORCH

He has been watching, rocking. As the men line up, he gets up and goes down the steps toward the yard.

245. CAPTAIN'S P.O.V.

pushing the gate open, moving in front of Boss Paul, facing the men.

CAPTAIN:

Luke, fall out.

(CONTINUED)

245 (Cont.)

Luke steps forward, pulls off his shirt and jacket. He steps behind the latticework screen to take off his pants as the Captain speaks.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE:

(emotionless)

When a man's mother dies and he sits to thinkin' about her funeral and payin' respects, before he knows it his mind ain't right and he's got rabbit in his blood and runs. We're keepin' you off the road fer awhile.

He has said all he has to say. He walks off.

246. FULL SHOT LUKE AND THE MEN

They are watching him slip on the nightshirt. Boss Kean opens the box.

BOSS KEAN:

(to Luke)

Ah'm jus' doin' mah job, Luke. You gotta appreciate that.

247. ANGLE ON LUKE IN BOX

LUKE:

Boss, when you do somethin' to me you better do it because you got to or want to... but not because it's your damn job.

248. ANGLE ON KEAN

His eyes narrow. The box door slams. Greyness.

BOSS PAUL'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Awright, let's move it out!

And o.s. the SOUNDS of the men counting through the gate and the truck engines coughing.

249. EXT. ROAD

DAWN (NIGHT)

The bull gang truck pulling out. In b.g. the barracks and the light over the box.

250. EXT. CAMP

The bull gang truck stopping. The back is opened and the men jump out, line up and begin counting off through the gate. In b.g. as they count is Luke's voice singing.

251. CLOSE ON DRAGLINE

He smiles...on that Luke!

252. CLOSE ON BOSS GODFREY

listening to the mocking voice.

253. EXT. BARRACKS

It is the next morning. The tire iron SOUNDS.

CARR'S VOICE:

First bell! First bell! Let's go!

The figures of Boss Paul and Boss Seven go to the box. Seven carries Luke's food.

254. INT. BOX PAUL'S P.O.V.

as it is opened. The dimness of the overhead bulb illuminates Luke.

LUKE:

Shut the door, Boss. You're lettin' in a draft.

255. ANGLE ON PAUL

His face corrodes in fury.

BOSS PAUL:

Git on your feet! Ah'm gonna teach you some respect right now!

Furiously he tries to cane Luke with his walking stick. But the cramped quarters restrict him. The cane clangs wildly against the sides of the box as Luke crouches in a corner, covering his head.

256. ANGLE ON LUKE

protecting, as Boss Paul retreats. The box door slams! Greyneess.

257. EXT. BARRACKS

AFTERNOON

as the bull gang counts in after the day's work. The light on the box still burns. No sound from Luke.

258. CLOSE ON DRAGLINE

He looks worried.

259. EXT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

The tire rim SOUNDS and the men scurry for their bunks.

CARR'S VOICE:

Last bell! Last bell!

(the pacing of his steps)

Forty-nine, Boss. And one in the box.

WICKERMAN'S VOICE:

Forty-nine and one in the box. Right, Carr.

260. EXT. BARRACKS

PRE-DAWN

Boss Paul, carrying a shotgun, and Boss Seven are opening the box. In b.g. the tire rim SOUNDS.

CARR'S VOICE:

First bell! First bell! Let's go!

And the uproar of the men getting out of their bunks, hurrying to dress and line up by the chute.

261. INT. BOX CLOSE SHOT LUKE'S P.O.V.

as the door opens and the double muzzle of Boss Paul's shotgun stares.

262. BOSS PAUL'S P.O.V.

Luke is standing at the rear of the box, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes slightly wild, his face dirty and stubbled. In b.g. the SOUND of Rudolph, the pet bloodhound puppy, yipping.

263. LUKE'S P.O.V.

Paul's gun draws back. Boss Seven hands Paul a heavy biscuit, grinning. Rudolph is sniffing, nipping at Paul's trousers, smelling the biscuit.

BOSS PAUL:

You look hongry, Luke.
(tosses biscuit in his hand)
Reckon this would taste mighty good,
but Rudolph looks pretty hongry, too.
Why don't we split it with the pooch,
okay?

He breaks the biscuit and dangles half over Rudolph who nips and barks for it.

BOSS PAUL:

(feeding Rudolph)
Tha's a good boy.
(to Luke)
Well, here's your piece, Luke.

264. ON LUKE

He speaks in a low, uneven voice.

LUKE:

Might as well give it all to him,
Boss. I just ain't much hungry.

265. ON BOSS PAUL

Livid with rage, he slams the door! Greyness.

265A. EXT. LAUNDRY FENCE CLOSE ON LAUNDRY FLYING OVER FENCE
AFTERNOON

as LAUNDRY BOY tries to catch the flying sheets, pants and shirts being tossed by the men. Behind him we SEE the steaming, pumping cleaning machines.

266. EXT. YARD AFTERNOON

Laundry boy and machines in b.g. as Boss Kean and Boss Seven go to the box. Boss Seven carries Luke's shoes and a freshly cleaned set of state issues. The men turn.

267. INT. BOX AFTERNOON

as the door opens. Luke looks up. Kean's face stares down, not unkind. Luke moves forward.

268. OMITTED

269. EXT. BOX AFTERNOON

as Luke emerges, Kean behind him.

(CONTINUED)

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88.

269 (Cont.)

BOSS KEAN:

(gently)
She's in the ground now, Luke. Best
forget about it. You got a day and
half lay-in... and tomorrow's a holiday.

270. OMITTED

271. INT. BARRACKS

EVENING

The Fourth of July. All hell is breaking loose. Four radios
going, chain men jitterbugging, one of the men has a mouth
harmonica, another plucks Luke's banjo. A lemonade barrel is
in a corner and men dip into it with coke bottles; others are
banging together bottles as instruments, playing combs, etc.

271A. ANGLE ON ALIBI AND DYNAMITE

just filling their bottles with lemonade.

ALIBI:

(toasting)

Happy Fourth of July.

SLEEPY:

Same to you.

ALIBI:

Boy, if anyone had told me where I
was going to be spending Independence
Day...

(shakes his head)

271B. ON MUSIC MAKERS, OTHERS

Most of them are concentrated in front of Luke's bunk,
singing and screaming, trying to make as much noise as pos-
sible. Tattoo is reading a new sex book aloud while Dynamite,
Loudmouth Steve, others listen intently, some avid, some
confused.

TATTOO:

(reading)

Wanda trembled, faced by this awesome
decision. It was the moment of choice.
Could she take the plunge and wantonly
hurl herself into pagan abandon? Or
would she remain ever fettered by the
bonds of her puritanical upbringing?

(CONTINUED)

271B (Cont.)

TATTOO: (Cont.)

Could she take this chance to experience the sensual thrill of total release and gratification? Or would she turn her back and retreat into frigid denial? Desire and fear, temptation and terror, yearning and horror, warred within her beautiful young body...

Luke is not to be seen among the music-makers and revellers. Moving through the crowd, the CAMERA FINDS Luke on his hands and knees, sawing at the floorboard with a piece of hacksaw.

272. ANGLE ON CARR

as the tire iron SOUNDS and SOUNDS again to be heard over the din.

CARR:

First bell! Let's git to bed. You done had your fun.

The singers and music-makers around Luke finish their song, reaching a high, piercing, noisy crescendo. At the same time, Dragline has been reading another sex book to Stupid Blondie, Blind Dick and Chief who are trying to act out the description, tying themselves into an intricate anatomical knot.

DRAGLINE:

(reading)

She moved her head another inch while he reached up and put his left hand on Carol's cheek as Carol pressed her lips to... Oh Lord, I can't read it!

He wriggles, panting with eye-popping pleasure, attracting Carr's attention. Stupid Blondie, Rabbit and Chief are still trying to untie themselves.

DRAGLINE:

Carr. Lookit this. Oh I don't believe it.

CARR:

What you got there, Drag? You bought yourself another of them dirty books?

Intrigued, Carr sits down on Dragline's bunk and follows Dragline's finger pointing out the lascivious parts. He is quickly absorbed.

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73. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

He looks over toward Luke who can be seen between the legs of the surrounding men, poised, waiting to drop down into the hole. Dragline winks.

274. ANGLE ON LUKE

He winks back, grins and disappears through the hole in the floor.

275. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE AND CARR

The tutor and the student.

DRAGLINE:

Here's a real hot one!

Carr reads intently.

276. ON THE HOLE BENEATH LUKE'S BUNK

gaping, empty, inviting.

277. VARIOUS REACTIONS OF MEN

- A. KOKO - suppressing a giggle.
- B. SOCIETY RED - considering it, cowardly.
- C. ALIBI - tense, nervous.

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90.

278. ANGLE ON TATTOO

He has been considering it, weighing his chances, his eyes darting from the hole to Carr, back again. Now he scurries to the hole, drops inside.

279. ANGLE ON CARR, DRAGLINE

as the tire iron SOUNDS. Carr gets up.

CARR:

Awright, last bell!

The men are in their bunks, Carr begins to make his count. As he comes to Tatto's bunk:

WICKER MAN'S VOICE:

HEY, CARR! WHAT'S THAT OUTSIDE?

Carr rushes to the window.

CARR:

Somebody's on the fence, boss!

280. EXT. YARD ON THE FENCE

It is Tattoo, half-way up the fence, startled by the clamor as the Wicker Man whistles the GONG. He falls back down, starts up again, dogs BARKING.

281. EXT. YARD NEW ANGLE

as guards come running from the Captain's house, the dogs HOWLING.

282. ON TATTOO

frantically trying to get up the fence, falling down, starting to run, seeing the guards approaching with guns and canes, turning to the other direction: more guards. Caught like a rat, eyes wild with fear, he makes terrified motions to go in one direction, then the other but is rooted by fear and indecision as the guards move in. He SCREAMS.

283. INT. BARRACKS ANGLE ON WICKER AND DOOR

which is unlocked. Dogboy is dressed, combing his hair, self-importantly putting on his gloves while the men lie

(CONTINUED)

283 (Cont.)

in their bunks, staring contemptuously. Boss Paul, Godfrey and others stare with shotguns leveled from the wicker.

BOSS PAUL:

Who else?

Carr has been tearing a sheet off Luke's bed.

CARR:

Jackson. He cut a hole in the floor, Boss.

He hands the sheet to Dogboy.

BOSS PAUL:

He ain't even got the sense to run from the road like everybody else.

DOGBOY:

Blue'll git him, Boss. We'll git that bastid, Cool Hand Luke.

284-
288.

OMITTED

289. EXT. DOG PEN MED. CLOSE SHOT

NIGHT

Boss Paul is unlocking the pen. Dogboy stands by the screen letting the yapping, frothing hounds sniff at the sheet.

BOSS PAUL:

Stan' back, Dogboy. Git the leash here.

As he opens the pen, the hounds rush out. Dogboy grabs one, Boss Paul grabs another but Big Blue, the lead hound, has the scent and he bolts, howling and tearing off.

DOGBOY:

Blue! Come back here! Come back, I said.

289A. EXT. SWAMP

NIGHT

Luke, smiling, running like hell through the murky water. In b.g. Blue's baying.

289B. EXT. SWAMP

NIGHT

Blue in pursuit, sniffing, dashing, on the trail.

289C. EXT. SWAMP

NIGHT

Dogboy with the other dogs being pulled through the muddy, murky, thickly-foliaged swamp. Behind him, wading unhappily through knee-deep water are Bosses Paul, Higgins and Shorty.

289D. EXT. ABANDONED RAILROAD STATION

NIGHT (LATER)

Boss Paul is on the phone to the Captain, Bosses Higgins and Shorty sit disconsolate, dirty, wet, exhausted. Only Dogboy is still eager, two hounds by his feet, listening in the distance to the howl of Blue baying.

DOGBOY:

Listen to Blue sing. She's on to him. She says: got him.

BOSS SHORTY:

Hail, that dog is jus' runnin' in circles.

BOSS PAUL:

(returning from phone)

Captain says to wait 'til the Patrol gits here.

DOGBOY:

(listening to Blue)

She's on to him. You shoulda waited fer me to git her out -- loose like she is, he kin run her crazy.

BOSS PAUL:

It ain't my fault you don't know how to handle your dogs.

DOGBOY:

How my suppose to handle a dog some-one jus' let loose?

BOSS HIGGINS:

I'm beat. This ain't mah job, nohow.

(CONTINUED)

289D (Cont.)

BOSS SHORTY:

Me neither.

A Highway Patrol car pulls up.

BOSS PAUL:

Here's the Patrol.

DOGBOY:

(pulling up dogs)

She's got him! You hear that?

Higgins and Shorty shake their heads wearily.

OFFICER:

(to Dogboy)

Okay, let's get started.

289E. EXT. FARM COUNTRY (PIPELINES)

NIGHT

Luke steps under and through the pipeline supports and vanishes. In b.g. Blue's plaintive HOWLING.

289F. EXT. FARM COUNTRY (PIPELINES)

DAY (DAWN)

Dogboy moves ACROSS the SCENE with his pack of dogs, having trouble following through the supports. The Officer behind him.

289G. CLOSE SHOT DOGBOY

plodding along, exhausted, yanking at the dogs as they pull in different directions.

DOGBOY:

Come on, Rudolph, Austin, you no good buncha chicken-eaters, we're lookin' for a man. We got us a job to do.

289H. EXT. BUSH BY FENCE (NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS) DAY

Luke carefully slips through the barbs, runs a few yards, slips back through again, runs a few yards, returns to the other side.

289-I. EXT. BUSH BY FENCE (NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS) DAY (LATER)

Dogboy with his pack and the Officer. In b.g. Blue is HOWLING; the dogs are BAYING frantically. It is with trouble that Dogboy and the Officer get through the fence, pulled by the eager dogs. Then they must cross it again.

OFFICER:

Your dogs are crazy.

DOGBOY:

He keeps criss-crossin'. He's smarter'n a dog. But he ain't got us boxed yet ... Blue'll get him.

290-
298. OMITTED

299. EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE

DAY

A trestle built of creosoted timber. The dogs reach it, break up into a milling, confused mass. Dogboy wrestles them out of the trestle. In b.g. as always, Blue's plaintive BAYING.

300. ANGLE ON BRIDGE

as Dogboy fights the dogs to get them across.

301. ANGLE ON FAR SIDE OF BRIDGE

as Dogboy hauls at the dogs who are pulling in different directions.

302. CLOSE SHOT DOGBOY

exhausted, disappointed, looking around, puzzled.

303. NEW ANGLE

The dogs are confused, seem to mill around aimlessly.

(CONTINUED)

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95.

303 (Cont.)

DOGBOY:
(almost in tears)
Dammit.
(calling)
Blue! Blue!

No answer.

304. EXT. FARMLAND ORCHARD TRACKING SHOT OF LUKE

running through the thick overhead cover. It is like a jungle. PULLING UP SLOWLY to HELICOPTER SHOT, we SEE that the cover is only a small patch of foliage and on the other side is a huge panorama of rolling, empty moor-like country in which, after a moment, Luke enters, a tiny figure, running free.

305. EXT. CAMP

LATE AFTERNOON

The men are coming out of the mess hall, washing their spoons, about to line up for inspection. A Highway Patrol car pulls up outside the gate; from the back seat comes the yipping of dogs. Every head turns. The Captain moves from his rocker and starts down the porch. Boss Paul and Godfrey move toward the car.

306. CLOSE ON PATROL CAR

LATE AFTERNOON

as the Officer (seen at the railroad station) gets out and opens the front door. He nudges a sleeping, grizzled figure who emerges. It is Dogboy. The back door is opened and Rudolph and the other small dogs leap out, cavorting, glad to be home. Then the Officer and Dogboy go to the trunk. The Officer opens it. Dogboy reaches in and carries out - the body of Big Blue. Staggering with fatigue, tears in his eyes, Dogboy stumbles up to the Captain.

DOGBOY:
Look, Cap'n. Look what he done to Blue.
He's dead, Cap'n. Dead! Run hisself plumb
to death. That crazy sadis Cool Hand Luke
run her 'til her heart bust.

307. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE KOKO

DRAGLINE:

He made it.

308. EXT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

CARR'S VOICE:
Forty-eight, Boss. One in the box and
one in the bush.

309. EXT. ROAD

The Bull Gang is working at the bottom of a high embankment and the guards stand on the road high above their heads, looking down, shotguns out now, alert. The men work away at a rackets pace.

310. EXT. GODFREY'S EYES

DAY

as he turns at the SOUND of a distant motor approaching and the image of a car coming closer enlarges in his glasses.

311. EXT. ROAD

The car pulls up beside the guards and the door opens. The Captain steps up to the road edge and looks down. He says something to Boss Paul.

BOSS PAUL:

Awright, hold it!

The men stop working, puzzled, looking up. Then from the car a guard escorts Luke to the edge of the pavement. Luke grins down at the men sheepishly. His prison uniform is filthy and torn, his hands are cuffed behind his back, his face is dirty and stubbled.

312. EXT. ROAD PAN REACTIONS OF MEN

They are stunned, saddened.

313. ANGLE ON LUKE, CAPTAIN, GUARDS

Behind Luke are Godfrey, Paul, Bosses Six and Seven and the Captain. Kean and Shorty flank the gang. The guns are held levelled at the men. One guard uncuffs Luke's hands; others produce a sledge hammer, ballpeen hammer and a set of leg irons from the Captain's car. Two guards kneel before Luke and begin hammering on the irons. Silence except for the HAMMERING AND CLINKING. Luke is silhouetted, a tall, straight figure on the low horizon. The Captain looks directly ahead.

CAPTAIN:

(to Luke)

You gonna get used to wearing them chains after a while, Luke. But don't you never stop listenin' to them clinkin'. That's gonna remind you of what I been sayin'.

LUKE:

Yeah, they sure do make a lot of cold, hard, noise, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

313 (Cont.)

The Captain feeds his fury staring, then reaches out his hand and Boss Paul lays the blackjack in it. As the chain guards finish and stand up, trembling with rage, the Captain takes a convulsive step forward and brings the sap down behind Luke's ear. As Luke tumbles down the littered embankment toward the men:

CAPTAIN:

Don't you never talk that way to me! You hear? You hear? Never!

His rage subsides and his voice becomes calm, reasonable.

CAPTAIN:

(to the men)

What we got here is a failure to communicate. Some men you can't reach, that is they just don't listen when you talk reasonable so you get what we had here last week, which is the way he wants it, well he gets it, and I don't like it any better than you men.

Nodding curtly, the Captain gets back in his car. Someone throws a shovel down the embankment. It CLATTERS until it lands beside Luke. Dragline and the others are by his side, helping him to his feet. Above Godfrey stares down at them.

314.

ANGLE ON DRAGLINE, LUKE AND OTHERS

DRAGLINE:

Awright, buddy. You be awright. You give 'em a run for their money. Jus' take it slow and easy, baby. You gonna make it fine.

As Luke tries to get his bearings, someone thrusts the shovel into his hands and they get him going like a rusty piece of machinery.

DRAGLINE:

Come on, buddy. Show 'em you're awright.

Luke seems to nod and begins to work slowly. The others back away, glancing fearfully at the guards, go back to work, quiet and sullen.

315. ANGLE ON LUKE

He is working with great difficulty, stiff, tired, aching.

BOSS KEAN'S VOICE:

Awright, let's eat them beans.

Luke stumbles gratefully toward the chowline.

316. ON THE CHOWLINE

Dogboy dishing it out to Luke. Dogboy is gleeful, gloating.

DOGBOY:

I knew they'd git you. With them
chains an a bonus of a coupla years,
you runnin' days is over forever.
Ah'd like to see you try to run agin.
You gettin' so you smell so bad, I
could track you myself.

LUKE:

For a natural born son of a bitch like
you, that oughta be easy.

317. NEW ANGLE THE MEN

as Luke settles down with his beans, the others find spots
around him so he is the focus of the group. We SEE Tattoo in
chains, forlorn. Luke wolfs his food hungrily.

DRAGLINE:

Jus' take it slow, buddy.

KOKO:

(unable to restrain himself)
What happened? How far did you get?

DRAGLINE:

Shut up. Let him eat. Don't pay
them no mind, boy.

TATTOO:

(urgently)
I gotta know -- How...how'd they get you?

LUKE:

(between mouthfuls)
Topflight police work.

(CONTINUED)

317 (Cont.)

GAMBLER:

Tell us about it.

BLIND DICK:

You steal a car?

LUKE:

Yeah, found one in this supermarket,
keys in the ignition.

KOKO:

Well, how far didya get?

LUKE:

(eating).

Fat mile'n a half. Hit this red
light, highway patrol pulls up
alongside.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Didya fight it out with him?

LUKE:

Nope. I jus' kept lookin' straight
ahead waiting for that light to change.
And he kept lookin' over, wondering
what somethin' that looked like me was
doin' drivin' a shiny new car.

ALIBI:

And then...?

LUKE:

Then he leans over and sees this state
issue...All there was to it. Feller's
probably a lieutenant by now.

Luke continues to shovel in his beans. The men are clearly
disappointed. Only Dragline understands.

DRAGLINE:

Well now we jus' gonna lay low and
build time and afore you know it the
heat'll be off you and things be back
where they was. Right, sweet buddy?

Luke winks and slaps Dragline affectionately on the cheek.
During this last, Luke has been idly winding a piece of kite
string found on the ground beside him. As, idly, he shoves
it into his pocket.

318. ANGLE ON BOSS KEAN

LATER

The gang has resumed working, Kean stands looking out at
the horizon, not talking directly to Luke, just leaning on
his gun, following Luke whenever he moves, his voice as
calm and secure as a priest in his study.

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.)

BOSS KEAN:

Ah hears tell you don't believe in no God, Luke. Ah was wonderin' how come a nice lookin' feller like you come to get put on the Hard Road. But now ah reckons ah knows. Ah been on the Road Gang for twenny-two year, Luke, and in all that time I ain't never killed no white man but I ain't afeerd to cause a body has to do his work. And I ain't never seen no man that wasn't afeerd to die neither.

LUKE:

'Scuse me, Boss. Don't mean to interrupt...but...caught short here.

Boss Kean is stunned.

BOSS KEAN:

(slow, dangerous)

Awright, Luke. Thas okay...You go on up there in them trees. Man's gotta have some privacy sometime. But you grab a bush and keep shakin' it, hear? Jes' so we know you're there. Jes' keep shakin' that bush.

LUKE:

Yes, boss.

He begins to trot off, awkward in his chains. Kean looks at Godfrey who snaps his fingers to Dogboy, a gesture that means rifle. Dogboy runs to the truck and brings back the rifle which Godfrey loads and arms with the bolt from his pocket.

319. ANGLE ON LUKE

Slowly walking off into the rough grass, his chains catching on brush and stumps. He disappears behind a large bush.

320. CLOSE SHOT GODFREY

Luke's bush is in distance. He raises the gun to his shoulder and FIRES.

321. REVERSE HIS P.O.V.

The bush shakes, we can't see Luke.

LUKE:

I'm shakin' it, Boss. I'm shakin' it!

We see the dust kick up behind the stump and another SHOT.

LUKE:

Still shakin' it, Boss.

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101.

322. CLOSE SHOT GODFREY

impassively: SHOOTS again, aiming.

323. REVERSE HIS P.O.V.

The bush goes on shaking. Then it stops.

324. GODFREY

Caught loading. He brings up the rifle fast, FIRES.

325. CLOSE THE BUSH

It is still.

326. FULL SHOT

The gang stops working, looks up stunned.

327. ANGLE ON BOSS KEAN AND GODFREY

A long beat of shock -- they (and us) think Godfrey's hit him. Boss Kean trots hurriedly up to the bush.

328. ANGLE BY THE BUSH

Boss Kean appears, looking down and off. CAMERA ADJUSTS so we see what he sees: a piece of kite string tied to the bush and leading off into the brush.

BOSS KEAN:

Damn!

He turns and rushing back down toward Godfrey, others.

BOSS KEAN:

He's gone! Git the dogs!

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102.

329. EXT. DIRTY ROAD

DAY

It is a rutted country road with farms on both sides. Luke appears, a filthy wide-eyed, stumbling, bearded beast in filthy uniform and chains. PAN with him past sharecropper's village of ramshackle huts, rusted junk. An OLD NEGRO WOMAN sees Luke and goes inside, closing the door. PAN with him to a General Store where an OLD NEGRO MAN watching, quickly retreats inside leaving only two small Negro boys (BEN and LAWRENCE) staring at Luke as he shambles toward them.

LAWRENCE:

(looking
at chains)

Whattaya got them on for?

BEN:

How do you take your pants off?

LUKE:

(smiling)

Well -- the best way is to take
the leg irons off first.

(to Lawrence)

But you ain't strong enough.

LAWRENCE:

Strong enough for whut?

LUKE:

You couldn't heft an axe.

LAWRENCE:

Can, too.

He's off, running toward a house. In the distance now, we hear the dogs baying, coming closer. Luke smiles at Ben.

LUKE:

What's your name?

BEN:

Ben.

(a beat)

Had'n you better take them stripes
off your pants?

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)

Smiling, Luke sits in the dirt and begins ripping off the stripes as Lawrence appears, dragging a huge double-bitted axe behind him.

LUKE:

(to Ben)

You wanna see somethin' funny?
Go get some chili powder, pepper,
curry, dried mustard and like
that. A lot of it.

Ben rockets off and Luke turns to see Lawrence, struggling mightily, attempting to bring the axe over his head and down on the chains.

LUKE:

Hold it!

He takes the axe, sets the chains up on a stump and begins to back heavily, BAYING OF DOGS growing louder.

LAWRENCE:

No, me, me. Let me do it!

Lawrence cries and stomps unhappily, clouding up dust as Luke severs the chain from one shackle. Ben APPEARS with an armload of spices.

BEN:

Here's them spices.

(looks at
Lawrence,
crying,
stomping)

What's wrong with him?

Luke begins backing away, scuffing his feet in the dust, pouring out the spices as he goes.

330. ANGLE ON LUKE

stopping at Lawrence. The baying of the dogs is much closer now.

LUKE:

You remember how them dogs do when they get here so you can tell me about it someday.

He is gone.

331. ON DOGS IN DISTANCE

They are approaching quickly.

332. ON VILLAGE

Some of the people have reappeared, now go back inside.

333. ANGLE ON DOGS

They fill the FRAME, milling around the empty street, sneezing, howling, stirring up dust, pawing at their noses.

334. CLOSE LAWRENCE

He is peeping from a corner. His tears stop and he smiles.

335. EXT. ROAD CLOSEUP YOYO TRANSITIONAL DEVICE DAY

...cutting away at the time.

335A. INT. CAGE TRUCK (PROCESS) DAY

as it passes the Negro Church.

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

Thas the church. After he chopped off those old chains and whilst he was layin'd down the pepper --

GAMBLER'S VOICE:

I heard it was curry powder.

(CONTINUED)

335A (Cont.)

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

It was pepper and curry powder and
dry mustard. Now shut your face.
Whilst he was layin' down them
spices, Luke heard them choir prac-
ticin' in there. So he just
sauntered inside, cool's kin be,
and sung along with them...my baby
Luke...and he was still singin'
when the dogs come by, singing and
grinning and eatin' the food the
people had brung him.

335B. EXT. ROAD TRANSITIONAL DEVICE

336. EXT. ROAD DAY

The bull gang at the end of bean time.

BOSS PAUL'S VOICE:

Awright, let's git to work.

Dragline and the others deposit their chow plates, pick up
their yoyos and start to work.

DRAGLINE:

He ain't eating beans fer lunch.

KOKO:

He's eatin' steak and corn with
butter and green beans and...

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

...fried clams, pizza, chocolate,
malted milkshakes.

SOCIETY RED:

(yoyoing)

...and a Brown Bomber.

DRAGLINE:

(yoyoing)

Shut your mouth. He's out there
doin' it for all of us.

337. OMITTED

338. INT. BARRACKS

DAY

It is Saturday afternoon. Carr is distributing mail and packages, the men clustered around; others lying on bunks, making wallets, etc.

CARR:

Magazines for you, Dragline!

339. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

Dragline sits up from his bunk, astonished.

DRAGLINE:

Magazines? Who's sendin' me magazines?

He looks at the package. Carr has tossed on his bunk.

DRAGLINE:

From mah uncle? Ah never heard from him in eight years and now he's sendin' me magazines. He musta gone crazy.

He has torn open the package, looks through the magazines, which are movie fan books, lies back to flip the pages. In b.g. Carr is continuing the mail call. Suddenly Dragline's eyes widen, his mouth opens, but he catches himself and closes it before he has revealed himself.

340. INSERT THE PICTURE

It is taped to page in the magazine. It shows Luke in a suit and tie, holding up four aces and a joker in one hand, arms around two buxom over-made strippers. On the table in front of them is a giant bottle of champagne and glasses. Scrawled across it is something in Luke's writing.

341. ANGLE DRAGLINE KOKO SOCIETY RED OTHERS

Seeing Dragline's reaction, they have gathered around.

DRAGLINE:

Looka that! Two of them. Oh my...

KOKO:

I'm dyin'. I'm dyin'.

Dragline suddenly realizes the danger and closes the book so Carr and the Wicker Man don't catch on. The others reluctantly move away. Dragline casually hands the magazine to Society Red.

(CONTINUED)

341 (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:
(whispering)
What's the writing say?

SOCIETY RED:
(opening to the
picture, reading)
Dear Boys. Playing it cool. Wish
you were here. Love, Cool Hand
Luke.

DRAGLINE:
Oh my. Oh my...Give it back here!

Red surrenders the magazine. Dragline opens it again and
a look of pure bliss settles over his face.

KOKO:
Lemme see it!

DRAGLINE:
(violently)
Get away!

He looks over at Carr but Carr has moved away, is talking
to the Wicker Man, his back to the men. Koko, Loudmouth
Steve, Gambler and the others hurriedly cluster around
Dragline. Their voices are eager intense whispers.

KOKO:
Lockit the brunette...

BLIND DICK:
The blonde's gotta better set.

GAMBLER:
Some legs.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:
They must be six feet tall.

(CONTINUED)

341 (Cont.)

TATTOO:

....And the champagne.

SOCIETY RED:

(from his bunk)

Domestic.

TRAMP:

Wonder how he got the dough.

ALIBI:

He's probably a salesman. You can
make pretty good money if you know
what your doing in selling.

GAMBLER:

A salesman! Cool Hand Luke a
salesman?

BLIND DICK:

He's probably a gigolo.

MECHANIC:

Or a con artist.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

The head of the rackets.

KOKO:

(reverently)

Oh lookit that brunette.

DRAGLINE:

Mah baby! We're diggin' and dyin'
but our boy Luke is lovin' and flyin'.

They all gaze at the picture with loving, dreamy, painful
rapture.

342.

THRU

364. OMITTED

CHANGE
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120.

365. INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Blackass time, dull, sad, boring. Koko sits idly flicking cards from the poker deck, men staring into space. The cards sail by Society Red who is clipping his nails.

SOCIETY RED:

Stop that.

KOKO:

How about you tryin' to make me?

SOCIETY RED:

Oh for.....

They slowly subside.

KOKO:

Dragline, lemme look at the picture.

DRAGLINE:

(feigned innocence)

What for?

(CONTINUED)

365 (Cont.)

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Yeah, Drag. Get it out for a look.

DRAGLINE:

You're just a kid. Whatta you know about it? You don't wanna see that dirty picture. Luke and those broads an' all that booze.

KOKO:

Come on, Drag. Lemme take a look.

DRAGLINE:

It'd go to your coconut head. You'd start getting ideas. Maybe even pass right out.

BLIND DICK:

Dragline! Be a buddy!

DRAGLINE:

How much you figure it's worth, a peek at this here picture? A quick look, I'm not talkin' about no memorizin' job.

KOKO:

A cold drink.

DRAGLINE:

A cold drink? You mean one cold drink? To feast yore starvin' fishy l'il eyes on The Picture? A true vision of Paradise itself? With two of the angels right there in plain sight a-friskin' round with mah boy?

KOKO:

A cold drink? Okay?

DRAGLINE:

Well --- okay. It's a deal. One cold drink, if'n you please. In advance. One chilly bottle right here in mah hot l'il hand... That goes for the rest of you mullet-heads, too.

(CONTINUED)

365 (Cont.1)

Activity as the men dig out coins to purchase drinks. Dragline pulls out the magazine and the men all gather round, gazing into it as though it were a crystal ball. Suddenly the wicker door slams open and as the men look up...

366. THEIR P.O.V.

Luke is dumped to the floor, face down, unconscious, by Boss Paul, Boss Kean, others. The Captain is standing there over him. Luke wears a new prison uniform and two sets of chains.

CAPTAIN:

(to Luke)

You run one time, you got yourself a set of chains. You run twice, you got two sets. You ain't gonna need no third set because you're gonna get your mind right... And I mean right.

He looks at the men who are stunned by the juxtaposition of their hero in The Picture and the reality of the unconscious figure before them.

CAPTAIN:

Take a good look at your Cool Hand Luke.

With his foot he prods Luke over onto his back.

367. CLOSE ON LUKE

As he rolls over we can see he has been badly beaten.

368. OMITTED

369. NEW ANGLE THE MEN

As the Captain turns and walks out past the guards who follow, and the wicket chute CLANGS shut, Dragline, Koko and others move forward and gently lift Luke onto the poker table.

(CONTINUED)

369 (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:

Oh mah poor baby. They done you real good....I don't know if you gonna have them gals chasin' after you for a while...

370. CLOSE ON LUKE

lying, eyes closed.

SOCIETY RED'S VOICE:

I've got some aspirin.

KOKO'S VOICE:

They half killed him.

ALIBI'S VOICE:

He should have a doctor.

DRAGLINE'S VOICE:

Don't you never learn nuthin'? They ain't gonna let no doctor see what they dont to him...

371. ANGLE ON DRAGLINE, OTHERS

Dragline looks up at Carr who stands hovering above them.

DRAGLINE:

Carr, kin we use your razor to clean up where they cut his head?

Carr moves off to his canteen area.

372. CLOSE ON LUKE

as Blind Dick, gambler, others move in. .

GAMBLER:

How you feelin', buddy?

TRAMP:

He don't hear.

TATTOO:

Somebody get him something to drink.

SOCIETY RED:

Here.

Gently he tucks two aspirin tablets into Luke's mouth, holds a cup of water to Luke's mouth. Luke's eyes slowly open, he drinks the water.

DRAGLINE:

That's my baby.

KOKO:

He's gonna be awright.

373. NEW ANGLE ON MEN

as Carr moves in with a razor, bandage, etc. The men clear to give him room.

KOKO:

Luke? ...We got the picture! See?

He holds it up.

374. CLOSE ON LUKE

His eyes squint open, close.

BLIND DICK'S VOICE:

A pair of beauties. Best I ever seen.

TATTOO'S VOICE:

You really know how to pick 'em.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE'S VOICE:

Tell us about 'em. What were they like?

375. CLOSE ON LUKE

as his lips open. He speaks slowly, painfully.

LUKE:

Picture's a phoney... Cost me a week's pay.

376. NEW ANGLE THE MEN

KOKO:

A phoney? Whatta you mean, a phoney?

GAMBLER:

We saw the broads.

BLIND DICK:

Yeah. Did you have them both at once or --

LUKE:

It's a phoney. Made it up just for you guys.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE:

Aw, come on. We saw it all.

TATTOO:

The champagne.

(CONTINUED)

376 (Cont.)

TRAMP:

Some life.

FIXER:

You really had it made.

LUKE:

Nothin. I had nothin, made nothin.
Couple towns, couple bosses. Laughed
out loud one day and got turned in.

KOKO:

(about to cry)

But -- but --

LUKE:

That's all there was. Listen. Open
your eyes. Stop beatin' it. And stop
feedin' off me. Now get out of the
way. Give me some air.

Stunned, the men shrink back.

DRAGLINE:

He ain't himself. He's all beat up.
Cain't you see that? He don't know
what he sayin'.

377.

EXT. ROAD

DAY

Luke is working with great difficulty, pained, weary under
the double set of chains. Bosses Paul and Kean stand right
over him, watching every move.

378. ANGLE ON GODFREY

standing far behind, his mirrored eyes on Luke.

379. ON LUKE

moving, he stumbles on the chains, gets hit by Paul's cane.

BOSS PAUL:

You was eyeballin', Luke. You can't
gitcha mind on them weeds if yer
eyeballin' ...

LUKE:

(wearily)

Boss, you don't need reasons to
hit me.

He gets the cane again.

BOSS PAUL:

Gonna learn you not to back
sass!

380. EXT. THE BOX

NIGHT

as Luke is slammed into it and the door is closed.

381. INT. THE BARRACKS

NIGHT

The poker game is in progress: Dragline, Koko, Blind Dick,
Gambler, Tattoo with Tramp behind him. Society Red stands
at the window, looking out as he brushes his hair.

(CONTINUED)

381 (Cont.)

SOCIETY RED:

He'll never make it.

KOKO:

What are you talking about?

SOCIETY RED:

He doesn't know when to give in.
They'll kill him.

KOKO:

Give in? That's our Luke out there.

DRAGLINE:

That ole box collapse and fall apart
before Luke calls quits.

SOCIETY RED:

Your Luke's got more guts than brains.

KOKO:

I don't see no sign of guts in you.

SOCIETY RED:

No. No chains either.

KOKO:

(heating up)

You ain't man enough to wear them!

SOCIETY RED:

But you're dog enough. Maybe they'll
let you sleep outside the box near
your master.

KOKO:

Big deal paper hanger! Hell, anyone
who can write can pass fifty-sixty
dollar checks. Like breakin' open a
piggy bank.

SOCIETY RED:

You've been having bad luck with
masters, haven't you? Your last one
left you when the cops came...and
now Luke. You should complain to
the S.P.C.A.

KOKO:

(rushing him)

You phony creep!

Dragline steps in to separate them.

(CONTINUED)

381 (Cont.1)

DRAGLINE:

Awright, that's enough. You wanna
end up in the box, too?

The tire rim sounds.

GARR'S VOICE:

First bell! First bell!

382. INT. MESS HALL

NIGHT

The men file in from work, sullen and quiet, Dogboy serving but without his usual chatter. Higgins leans back, unusually alert.

383. ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Suddenly Luke appears, unshaven but cleaned up and in his uniform. The men make room as he moves to his accustomed place at the head of the line, before Dynamite.

DOGBOY:

Here's our champeen hog gut. Ain't
et for four days, gonna need a little
extra... Well we got plenty for you...

He's heaping food onto Luke's plate.

DOGBOY:

(continuing)

Now you know the rules...gotta eat
everything on the plate or go back in
the box, right, Boss?

(CONTINUED)

383 (Cont.)

Higgins nods, Dogboy continues to pile it on. When Luke tries to move on, Dogboy reaches out and grabs the plate with his free hand and continues to ladle it out. Behind Dogboy, Jabo, the cook, looks sympathetic to Luke.

JABO:
(to Dogboy)

We ain't got but one pot of stew, you know. He ain't the only one eatin'.

DOGBOY:
(piling it on)

Man use to Free World food gotta big appetite...so here's some more potatoes and here's some ice cream and some cake with choclat fudge sauce...there you go, stretch that hog-belly right out.

Luke looks at the impossibly piled plate and moves off.

384. LUKE AT A TABLE

He is eating with great difficulty, finally puts his spoon down and his eyes close with weariness. Koko reaches over and takes a bite off the plate. Luke sits there and one by one the men get up and file out, each one passing behind Luke and taking a bite until, as Deacon takes the last mouthful, the plate is empty and Luke stands up and leaves.

385. EXT. CAMP YARD

DAY

It is Saturday afternoon. The men have just returned from the road. Luke moves slowly toward the barracks, Dragline helping him.

DRAGLINE:

You made the week, boy. Plenty of time to rest up for old Monday.

They move a few feet until confronted by...

386. THEIR P.O.V. BOSS PAUL AND BOSS KEAN

BOSS PAUL:

Luke!

Kean steps forward, draws a long line in the dirt of the yard, barring the path, moves three feet back and draws a parallel line.

BOSS PAUL:

Boss Kean say that's his ditch. I tol' him that their dirt is yore dirt. What's yore dirt doin' in his ditch?

(CONTINUED)

386 (Cont.)

Luke looks up at them blindly.

LUKE:

(weakly)

I don't know, Boss.

Boss Paul canes him and the other prisoners scatter. Boss Kean throws a shovel at Luke's feet.

BOSS PAUL:

You git yore dirt outa his ditch, boy!

Luke takes up the shovel and starts to dig.

BOSS PAUL:

Roll! I wanna see you roll it!

He canes Luke across the back, Luke digs.

387.

ANGLE ON BARRACKS

It is later. The men sit on the stoop, the usual Saturday activities.

388.

ANGLE ON LUKE

He is hidden up to his waist in the trench he has dug, about three feet deep and wide and as long as the lines Kean drew.

389.

ANGLE ON MEN

watching.

390.

ANGLE ON BOSS SHORTY

walking along briskly, feigns surprise at seeing what Luke is doing. He stops.

391.

TWO SHOT BOSS SHORTY AND LUKE

BOSS SHORTY:

Luke, what you think you doin'?

LUKE:

(not stopping)

Diggin' my dirt outa Boss Kean's ditch, Boss.

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

Shorty is carrying a hoe handle with which he hits Luke on the head. Luke slumps to the ground.

BOSS SHORTY:

Be damned iff'n you gonna put your dirt in mah yard. You hear me?

LUKE:

(getting to his feet)

Yes, Boss.

BOSS SHORTY:

Then git it out there. Roll it, heah?

Luke begins slowly shoveling the dirt back into the ditch. Boss Shorty nods with satisfaction and walks away.

392.

ANGLE ON LUKE

LATE AFTERNOON

The dirt is almost all back in the ditch. A shadow falls on the dirt beside him. A walking stick falls across his buttocks and he staggers to his knees.

BOSS PAUL'S VOICE:

Ah done told you to get yore dirt outa Boss Kean's ditch, didn't ah?

LUKE:

(getting to his feet)

Yes, Boss.

BOSS PAUL:

Then how come it ain't done yet?

LUKE:

I don't know, Boss.

BOSS PAUL:

You don't know!

He canes Luke on the back of the legs. Luke falls and rolls over and Paul canes him across the head. Luke gets up on all fours and makes a rush right at Boss Paul. He is so weak and uncoordinated that the attack does nothing but smear blood and dirt over Paul's uniform. The guards beat Luke away and he falls on his back in the soft dirt.

393.

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

The men are restless, their efforts to ignore what's happening are futile. Dragline gets up and looks out the window into the yard. Koko leans over beside him. He holds the picture.

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2.
DRAGLINE'S P.O.V.

Luke under the lights, working again, slowly, dumps a shovel full of dirt and hasn't the strength to move the shovel. Momentarily, he stops moving and is hit. We HEAR the thud and the groan he gives.

395.

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Dragline goes back to his bunk. We HEAR another thud and a cry from outside. Dragline begins to WHISTLE. Koko begins to chink his chains. Onionhead and Dynamite join in with their chains. Other prisoners rhythmically beat on bunk posts. Only Society Red does not join in.

396.

EXT. YARD

NIGHT

Luke works. From inside we HEAR the music from the prisoners. Boss Paul and Boss Kean appear.

BOSS PAUL:

What's all this dirt in the yard?

LUKE:

I... I... I...

He can't talk. Paul hits him and he falls again on the dirt. Paul hits him again.

LUKE:

Please! Please!

BOSS PAUL:

Git to work!

LUKE:

Don't hit me! Please, for God's sake, don't hit me.

BOSS KEAN:

What was that? What was that name you said, Luke?

LUKE:

God. I pray to God you won't hit me.
(he grovels in the dirt
before them, tears stream-
ing down his cheeks)
I'll do whatever you say, but I can't
take no more. Please.

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397.

TWO SHOT PAUL AND KEAN

- a trace of smiles.

BOSS PAUL:

(kindly)

You got your mind right, Luke?

398.

CLOSE LUKE

LUKE:

Yes, Boss. I got it right.

399.

ON KEAN AND PAUL

BOSS PAUL:

Supposin' you was to backslide on us, Luke? Supposin' you was to back-sass or try to run again...

LUKE:

No, Boss! I won't. I won't. I got my mind right. I got it right, Boss. Please don't hit me no more.

400.

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

The music has stopped, the men listening.

401.

ON KOKO

His face tightens into an expression of contempt, hatred. He grabs the picture on the bunk beside him and violently tears it in half.

402.

EXT. YARD LUKE, BOSSES PAUL AND KEAN

NIGHT

BOSS PAUL:

(kind and reasonable)

Luke, you run again and we'll kill you.

LUKE:

I know, I know. Just don't hit me.

The Captain steps in -- out of the dark. He has been watching from his porch.

(CONTINUED)

402. (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:

Okay, son. Go get shaved and cleaned up and get you some sleep. I reckon you need it.

Luke slowly struggles to his feet and begins painfully stumbling toward the barracks.

403.

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

as the chute opens and Luke staggers inside and the door is slammed behind him.

LUKE:

I got my mind right. I got it right.

He stumbles toward his bunk, passing Tattoo and Alibi who turn away embarrassed.

LUKE:

I got my mind right.

Others like Dragline and Koko stare straight ahead, not seeing him; Society Red has his back turned; Dynamite, Blind Dick, Loudmouth Steve meet his gaze contemptuously.

LUKE:

(collapsing on his bunk)
Where are you now? I got my mind right. You hear me? I got it right!

Silence.

404.

EXT. ROAD

DAY

The gang is working. Over a week has passed. Luke's wounds are healed. He works in a slow, spiritless way, broken.

405.

CLOSE GODFREY

looking somehow less menacing.

406.

BOSS PAUL

He is sitting, not even looking at the men, relaxed, pulls out watch looks over to Godfrey in b.g. Godfrey nods.

(CONTINUED)

406 (Cont.)

BOSS PAUL:

Awright, smoke it up.

The men break and sit down for smoking.

BOSS PAUL:

Luke! Water 'em.

Without a moments hesitation, Luke jogs over and gets the water pail and dipper from Rabbit and moves to the group of men.

407. CLOSE THE GROUP

as Luke moves around filling their cups. The men are silent, some embarrassed, some sympathetic, some confused, some disappointed.

408. CLOSE GODFREY

He signals with his cane for his rifle.

408A. ON RABBIT

He hurries to the cab of the truck, gets Godfrey's rifle. The other men, but not Luke, watch as Godfrey slips in the bolt, loads, fires at something out in the swamp.

408B. ON BOSS PAUL

As Godfrey takes bolt out of rifle, returns the gun to Rabbit.

BOSS PAUL:

Go git it, Luke.

LUKE:

Yes sir, Boss Paul.

Grinning, cheerful, he begins to hobble away through the swamp and grass.

409. CLOSE ANGLE ON TURTLE IN THE MUCK

Luke's hands COME INTO FRAME AND OFFER the head a stick. The jaws clamp down on the stick and Luke lifts the turtle up.

410. FULL SHOT LUKE

grinning, holding up the turtle by the stick.

LUKE:

Here he is, Boss. Deader'n hell but he won't let go.

411. THE GROUP

as Luke walks back through them carrying the turtle.

BOSS PAUL;

You cut that up fer lunch, Luke.

LUKE:

Yes, Boss.

He moves off toward the trucks with the turtle, and we HOLD on the disappointed reactions of the men, featuring Dragline.

Then there is the SOUND of a motor starting.

412. ON THE GROUP NEW ANGLE

as they turn to look, as one man.

413. THE TRUCK

as Luke tries to get it in gear, there is the SOUND of gears grinding and as the truck begins to move the bed of the dump body begins to raise. The truck begins to move past the prisoners, away from the guards.

414. ON THE GUARDS

As they begin to run toward the truck, raising their guns.

415. ON DRAGLINE

on his feet.

DRAGLINE:

Oh Lord!

(CONTINUED)

415 (Cont.)

SOCIETY RED:
That fool. That damn fool.

DRAGLINE:
Oh mah baby Luke.

He starts to run like hell toward the truck coming past.

416. ANGLE ON GUARDS

stopping to fire but bullets ricochet off the rising bed of the dump body.

417. MOVING SHOT PARALLELING TRUCK

Dragline running alongside trying to grab the door handle. Inside Luke, grinning fiercely, as he drives. SHOTS sounding. Dragline gets hold of the door, swings inside. HOLD AND PAN the truck off down the road until all we can see is the steel dump body.

418. REVERSE THE ROAD

It is littered with tools and equipment dumped from the truck body. The guards stand there, their guns empty.

BOSS KEAN:
(from another truck)
He's taken the keys. He's got the keys!

Boss Shorty pokes his head out of another truck.

BOSS SHORTY:
Here, too.

419. INT. TRUCK LUKE AND DRAGLINE

DRAGLINE:
We're free, Luke. You terrible man.
Think of that. We're free. Free!

Over them, appears the SUPERIMPOSED image of Godfrey's glasses, the Man With No Eyes, watching them, denying Dragline's words.

LONG DISSOLVE:

CHANGE
11/8/66
137-138.

420. EXT. PALMETTO SWAMP

Dragline is exuberantly hacking away at palm fronds to cover the truck while Luke is filing away at his chains.

DRAGLINE:
(rattling frond)
Shakin it here, Boss. Shakin it...
Oh my baby Luke.

He laughs, shakes his head in appreciation. Luke ignores him, continues to file. Dragline does another worshipful imitation.

DRAGLINE:
Don't hit me no more, Boss! Don't hit me! I'll do anythin' you say but just don't hit me! Oh Luke. You are an original, you truly are. You really fooled them.

LUKE:
Foolin', Hell! I would have eaten that dirt for them. They coulda used my head for a shovel and a my face for a broom...They just never did get a piece of my mind.

DRAGLINE:
And all the time you was plannin' on runnin' again.

Luke has filed through the chains, stands up.

LUKE:
Yeah, well...I never planned nothin' in my life...

He tosses the severed chain link into the swamp and starts to walk off, Dragline hurrying behind him.

420A. EXT. NEAR NEGRO VILLAGE

DUSK

Luke and Dragline appear, tired and cold. Dragline is having trouble keeping up. Seeing this, Luke stops and rests, looking off at church visible in distance.

(CONTINUED)

420A (Cont.)

DRAGLINE:

Whose, it's cold. Wisht I had somethin' to eat. Bread, grits, beans even. Soon's we get to my house, we're gonna have us one big meal and then I'm gonna show you some farm girls that...

LUKE:

We ain't goin' nowhere.

DRAGLINE:

(confused)

What you talkin' about, Luke? We're together, you and me, just like always. Now the thing we gotta work out is how to get Koko outa there and then the Terrible Trio be all complete again. Man, this old Free World ain't gonna know which ear to stand on.

LUKE:

Yeah, well, you and Koko kin handle it without me.

DRAGLINE:

What you mean, Luke?

LUKE:

I've done enough world-shakin' for a while. You do the rest for me. Send me a postcard about it.

He gets up, starts off.

DRAGLINE:

But, Luke...

LUKE:

Take it easy, Drag.

DRAGLINE:

Luke. Where you goin'?

LUKE:

On my own.

DRAGLINE:

But what am I gonna do all by myself?

(hangs head)

Oh if'n I hadn't lost mah head. I only had two more years to go. But when I saw you tearin' down with that truck... But you right Luke. We oughta split up. Be safer for us both.

(CONTINUED)

420A (Cont.1)

He looks up. Luke is in the distance.

DRAGLINE:

Luke?

(calls out)

Just the same, you're a good old
boy, Luke. You take care, hear?

There is no answer.

421-

424

OMITTED

425.

EXT. NEGRO VILLAGE

NIGHT

as Luke trots down the main street, passes the church.

LUKE:

Hey, Old Man! You home tonight?

He starts across the bridge.

LUKE:

If you kin spare a minute, it's
about time we had ourselves a little
talk.

426. INT. CHURCH

Luke mounts the steps of the lectern, looks up.

LUKE:

Old Man, I know I'm a pretty evil
feller who killed people in the war
and got drunk and chopped up muni-
cipal merchandise and like that. I
admit ain't got no call to ask for
much. But even so, you ain't dealt
me no cards in a long time.

I mean it's beginning to look like
you got it fixed so I can't never win
out. Inside or out, it's just different
bosses and different rules. Where am
I supposed to fit in? Old Man, I got
to tell you: I started out pretty
strong and fast but it's starting to
get to me...When does it end?...What
you got in mind for me next?

Old Man. What do I do now?

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/10/66
140.

426 (Cont.)

LUKE: (Cont.)

Awright. On my hands and knees
askin'.

Yeah. That's what I thought. I
guess I'm just a hardcase and I
gotta find my way out myself.

We HEAR the SOUND of vehicles outside, telling Luke that the
police have arrived. He starts for the back just as Dragline
enters from the side entrance. Seeing him, Luke looks up
at the ceiling.

LUKE:

Is that your answer, Old Man?
You're a hardcase too, ain't you?

DRAGLINE:

Luke, are you alright? ... They got
us, boy. They're out there thicker'n
flies. Bosses and dogs and sheriffs
and more guns than I ever seen in my
life. We don't have a chance, Luke...
They caught up with me right after we
split up and they was aimin' to kill
you, Luke. But I got 'em to promise
if you give up peaceful, they wouldn't
even whip you this time.

LUKE:

(amused)

Do we even get our same bunks back?

DRAGLINE:

Why sure, Luke. I mean I didn't
talk to them about that. But why
not? They're reasonable, Luke.
Hell, we only been gone a coupla
hours.

LUKE:

You don't understand a thing, do you,
Drag?

DRAGLINE:

Luke, you got to listen to me. All
you got to do is just give up nice
and quiet, just play it cool.

LUKE:

Like I always do?

DRAGLINE:

Thass right. Just play it...

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/10/66
141.

426 (Cont.1)

He sees Luke moving toward the window.

DRAGLINE:

Luke, what are doin'?

27-431. OMITTED

432. ANGLE BY WINDOW

as Luke steps out of pitch black into the harsh light in full view, calm, slight smile, having chosen his moment. His voice is loud, clear, mocking:

LUKE:

WHAT WE GOT HERE IS A FAILURE TO
COMMUNICATE...

433. A SHOT!

It catches Luke in the throat and throws him back, but he stays in the light, still smiling.

DRAGLINE:

Luke!

434. EXT. CHURCHYARD

NIGHT

ON guards and police, FEATURING Godfrey, who holds his smoking rifle. There are confused SHOUTS and movements by the sheriffs, but the Captain and the prison guards only look toward Godfrey, then turn away, stoic.

435. INT. CHURCH

as Luke falls to one knee, trying to hold himself up. Dragline is by his side, helps him up and to the door.

436. EXT. CHURCHYARD

NIGHT

where Bosses Kean and Paul move in to handcuff Luke. Dragline, seeing Godfrey, bellows out an INCOHERENT ROAR and charges past the surprised guards to knock Godfrey to the ground, tear his glasses from him. Confused, bewildered, Godfrey gropes for the glasses as the prison guards beat Dragline into submission.

9/29/66
142.

ANGLE ON CHURCH

(PRE-DAWN) NIGHT

as Luke, handcuffed behind his back, is being led toward the Captain's car by Bosses Paul and Kean. He is half-paralyzed, blood pouring from him. The Captain has turned his back on Godfrey, talking to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF:

You follow me and I'll radio the emergency clinic to open up...

CAPTAIN:

I'm takin' him to the prison hospital.

SHERIFF:

But that's an hour away. He ain't gonna last twenty minutes.

CAPTAIN:

Git outa the way. He's ours.

MOVING SHOT LUKE

as he is brought past Dragline, who is being held by several guards. Tears stream down Dragline's cheeks. Luke looks at him, still smiling as he is pushed into the Captain's car.

LUKE INT. THE CAR

as it begins to move out. In the b.g. across the road we SEE the Negro villagers watching, silently. The window of the car is up and the reflections on the glass make Luke already dim, a little distant.

MOVING SHOT THE CAR

DAWN

as it moves down the road, over the trestle. It is the mystic hour of dawn, the sun's rays just diffusing as we watch the car until it disappears over the rise in the road.

EXT. ROAD CLOSE ON YOYO

DAY

The yoyo is swinging in the sun. As the shot WIDENS we SEE it is Dragline, wearing chains, wielding the yoyo and now we SEE the others working around him. Godfrey is gone; Boss Paul is now the Walking Boss. The MUSIC gains strength and speeds as

(CONTINUED)

9/29/66
143.

441 (Cont.)

Dragline works with strong, certain grace and determination and the others also seem more vital and free as imperceptibly the CAMERA PULLS BACK and RISES SLOWLY TO:

442. HELICOPTER SHOT

as the men grow smaller in the limitless field of gold stretching in all directions as far as the eye can see, intersected by four roads that reach out to infinity. Now the men are specks, now invisible in the fields and there are only the roads, lines in the gold, going on forever. OVER THIS, SUPERIMPOSE the PICTURE OF LUKE, now scotch-taped together, HOLD and

FADE OUT.

THE END

"COOL HAND LUKE"

THURSDAY
FRIDAY

40th DAY
41st DAY

NOVEMBER 17
NOVEMBER 18

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 365-366-367-368-369-370
371-372-373-374-375-376

Luke is brought back beaten
up and chained -- Bull Gang
sympathize with him -- Luke
tells him photo is a phony.

Season: Winter

5-2/8 Pages

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
35.

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook
Captain
Boss Paul
Boss Higgins

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners
Boss Seven

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
36.

MONDAY

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

42nd DAY

Sc. 271-271A-271B-272-273-
274-275-276-277-278-279
283

NOVEMBER 21

4th of July -- Luke escapes.

Season: Summer

2-6/8 Pages

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook
Boss Paul

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners
Boss Seven

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
37.

TUESDAY

43rd DAY

NOVEMBER 22

INT. MESS HALL

DUSK

Sc. 48-49

Bull Gang ignore Newmeat --
Dynamite knocks Tramp down
-- Dogboy makes remark as
Tramp tries to scoop up food.

Season: Spring

6/8 Page

INT. MESS HALL

DUSK

Sc. 201-202-203-204

Luke in chow line -- Boss
Higgins envies him -- Luke
tries yoga -- Luke refuses
to eat.

Season: Summer

4/8 Page

INT. MESS HALL

DUSK

Sc. 382-383-384

Luke enters mess hall --
Dogboy piles his plate with
food -- Men help Luke eat
his food.

Season: Winter

1 Page

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook
Boss Higgins

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners
Boss Seven

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
38.

WEDNESDAY

INT. BARRACKS

DAY

44th DAY

Sc. 45-46-47

NOVEMBER 23

Carr's Introduction -- Tells
Newmeat of prison require-
ments -- Bull Gang rush in
-- Rush out to mess hall --
Newmeat follow out.

Season: Spring

2-7/8 Pages

Luke
Tattoo
Tramp
Alibi
Carr
Wickerman
Dragline
Society Red
Koko
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Blind Dick
Mechanic
Sleepy
Rabbit
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
Sailor
The Chief

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
39.

THURSDAY

THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY

45th DAY

NOVEMBER 24

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
40.

FRIDAY

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

46th DAY

Sc. 51-52-54-55-56-57-58-59
60-61-62-63-64-67-69-70

NOVEMBER 25

Poker game -- Last bell
sounds -- Men try to sleep
-- Luke can't sleep.

Season: Spring

4 Pages

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
41.

MONDAY
TUESDAY

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

47th DAY
48th DAY

Sc. 109

Wickerman tells men to hit
their bunks -- Men discuss
Alibi in the box.

Season: Spring

1-7/8 Pages

INT. BARRACKS
& SHOWERS

NIGHT

Sc. 132-133-133A-B-C-D-E-F-
G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R
S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-Z-AA-BB-
134-135-136-137-138-139
140-141-142-143-144-145
146

Bull Gang enter barracks --
They are quiet and tense --
Thinking of day's activities.

Season: Spring

7 Pages

Luke
Tattoo.
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS
29 Prisoners

ADD
Alibi

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
42.

WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

49th DAY
50th DAY

Sc. 166

Men playing cards -- Drag-
line names Luke "Cool Hand"
-- Dragline joins game.

NOVEMBER 30
DECEMBER 1

Season: Spring

3-3/8 Pages

INT. BARRACKS

DAY

Sc. 189-190

Sunday afternoon -- Gambler
tells Loudmouth his Mother
is visiting -- Wickerman
tells Luke he has a visitor.

Season: Summer

7/8 Page

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

9 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
43.

FRIDAY

INT. BARRACKS (RAIN) NIGHT

51ST DAY

Sc. 199

DECEMBER 2

Luke plays banjo -- Storm
shutters closed -- Bet is
made that Luke can eat 50
eggs.

Season: Summer

3-3/8 Pages

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
44.

MONDAY

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

52nd DAY

Sc. 205

DECEMBER 5

Dragline gets pill and salts
from Wickerman -- Others
protest.

Season: Summer

6/8 Page

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 236-236A-237-238-239-
240-241-242

Telegram arrives telling of
Arletta's death.

Season: Summer

2-3/8 Pages

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
45.

TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

INT. BARRACKS DAY

53rd DAY
54th DAY

Sc. 208-209-210-211-212-
213-214-215-216-217-
218-219-220

DECEMBER 6
DECEMBER 7

Sunday -- Egg eating
contest.

Season: Summer

6-3/8 Pages

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
46.

THURSDAY
55th DAY
DECEMBER 8

INT. BARRACKS

DAY

Sc. 338-339-341

Sunday -- Carr doles out
mail -- Dragline sees photo
of Luke -- Men go crazy over
photo.

Season: Fall

2-6/8 Pages

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 381

Men playing poker -- They
talk about Luke in the box.

Season: Winter

5/8 Page

Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

FRIDAY

56th DAY

DECEMBER 9

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 393-395

Men restless -- Dragline looks out the window to the box -- Men start percussion with chains.

Season: Winter

2/8 Page

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 400-401

Music has stopped -- Koko tears photo of Luke.

INT. BARRACKS

NIGHT

Sc. 403

Luke moves painfully into barracks -- The men ignore Luke.

Season: Winter

3/8 Page

INT. BOX

NIGHT

Sc. 259

Also added cuts of Luke in the box for Scenes 247-267.

Various close-ups of Luke in the box.

Season: Various

3/8 Page

SHOOTING SCHEDULE

47.

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic
Carr
Wickerman
Dogboy
Jabo the Cook

EXTRAS

29 Prisoners

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
48.

MONDAY

57th DAY

DECEMBER 12

EXT. SOUTHERN
CITY STREETS

NIGHT

Sc. 3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-
13(PT)

Introduction of Luke -- Luke
is caught cutting off parking
meters -- Rookie cop attempts
to arrest him.

Season: Spring

3 Pages

Luke
Rookie Cop
Stunt Double for
Luke

PICTURE CARS
Plumber's Trucks
10 Parked N.D.
Vehicles

LOCATION
Local Southern
California
Location

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
49.

TUESDAY

58th DAY

DECEMBER 13

EXT. SOUTHERN CITY -
SIDE STREET & INT.
RESTAURANT " - NIGHT

Sc. 1-2-13(PT)-14

Luke crashes into restaurant
-- He is arrested by rookie
cop -- Inserts of parking
meters.

Season: Spring

1 Page

Luke
Rookie Cop

Stunt Double for
Luke

LOCATION
Studio Back Lot

"COOL HAND LUKE"

SHOOTING SCHEDULE
50.

WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY

59th DAY
60th DAY

DECEMBER 14
DECEMBER 15

INT. TRUCK (PROCESS) DAY

Sc. 78(PT)-78A-78E-78C

1st day's work for Newmeat --
Discuss their pasts -- Bull
Gang put on the Newmeat.

Season: Spring

4-2/8 Pages

INT. TRUCK (PROCESS) DAY

Sc. 106(PT)

Koko sees girl on the
bicycle -- Bull Gang rush
to look at her.

Season: Spring

1 Page

INT. TRUCK (PROCESS) DAY

Sc. 335A

Dragline tells Bull Gang
about Luke's escape at the
church.

Season: Late Summer

1/2 Page

Luke
Alibi
Tattoo
Tramp
Dragline
Koko
Society Red
Gambler
Dynamite
Loudmouth Steve
Sleepy
Sailor
Blind Dick
Babalugats
Stupid Blondie
The Chief
Rabbit
Mechanic

Above except Luke